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GENERAL VON CAPRIVI, THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

One is sorry to find that so many "military officers," as they are termed by some (to distinguish them, I suppose, from those of the sheriff), are risking the popularity of "the service" by seeking to abolish Jessie Brown of Lucknow. The civilians, including, as is right and proper, the war correspondents, are in her favour. It is not, indeed, altogether a contest between a romance and a reality, for it seems to be established that the pipers did play, and these instruments are not things to be ignored by anybody not stone deaf.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter,  
Therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,

are lines that can hardly have reference to the bagpipes. The question is narrowed to whether any young woman among the besieged heard them sooner than her neighbours, by a species of second sight which was, in fact, first sound. It is surely strange, however, that doubts should have been raised on the matter at this time of day. Not a word of incredulity was whispered when half London went to Astley's to hear Jessie shriek out "It is the pipes!" with the energy of a householder when they burst after a sudden thaw. A great picture of the stirring scene was produced, and though the critics, of course, said all they could against it and its Jessie, not one of them called her a work of imagination. Above all, the Laureate was permitted to write of the lady:—

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!  
Dance to the pibroch! Saved! We are saved!

without one word of remonstrance. Yet now, thirty years after the event, we are told by "military officers" that Jessie Brown had no more real existence than Mrs. Harris. If it really was so, they ought to have said so at the time, or ever afterwards (as in the marriage service) held their peace. It is a cruel blow to Romance, and also to the Scotch, for the incident in question is one of the few instances in which anyone is known to have been enraptured by the bagpipes.

*Reverentia debetur* purists, one is always ready to make allowances for the feminine niceties of the grammarian. An amusing example of it comes to me by postcard. "You should not write of being dealt thirteen trumps, my pippin; what possible whistplayer can have thirteen trumps dealt to him?" I reply at once, and without fear of contradiction, "Mr. Dummy." But, apart from him, is it not hypercriticism to object to the expression? Even though my own hand deals my "hand," my trumps are still dealt to me. Yah!

That last monosyllable, by-the-bye, the conventional expression of scorn, has never received the attention it deserves. It is an example of what is described in Greek (at very inappropriate length) as *onomatopæia*. The snarl which accompanies its pronunciation is eloquent of the contempt it conveys. It carries a reproof to the ear even when one is unconscious of having given offence; but, notwithstanding its unquestionable vigour, it is not used (I am told) in fashionable circles. The democracy, on the other hand, understand its value. Years ago, when some Bill or other was temporarily carried by the Sabbatarians, I remember how every occupant of a carriage in the park on the following Sunday was saluted by the cry of "Church, Church, yah!" This was an abbreviation of the sentiment that "the classes" (a more recent discovery, however) who made the law that robbed the poor man of his beer on the Sabbath should at least have the decency to go to church themselves, or read the *Sunday at Home*. But it was the "Yah!" that had the sting in it, and indeed, caused the obnoxious edict to be withdrawn. There have been many other popular expressions for deep-seated contempt—when I was a schoolboy (for I was at school, though my purist justly concludes that his pippin is no scholar), "Go home and chain up, Ugly!" was a favourite form of repartee—but "Yah!" has (deservedly) survived them all.

The Italian doctors must be having a good time of it. In consequence of the popular performances of "La Nona" (not an opera, but an epidemic), the Syndics have recommended, through the parish priests, that "a medical man should be called in at once in cases even of the slightest indisposition." Even to go to sleep is serious, since sleep is the fatal peculiarity of "La Nona." One young gentleman has been dozing for twenty days. He opens his eyes for a few moments, but only to go to sleep again faster than ever. There is only one parallel to his case—that of the Fat Boy in "Pickwick." "D—that boy," says Mr. Wardle, if the youth was let alone for half a minute, "he's gone to sleep again." He lived—or, at least, snoozed—in pre-scientific days, and the medical papers took no notice of his peculiarity. It is true that the Italian invalid has only "a slight respiration," whereas Joe snored; but here is clearly another case of Fact plagiarising from Fiction. According to later accounts, the true name of the new disease is "La Nonna"—"the Grandmother," which throws a not wholly unexpected light upon it.

Another medical wonder! It is stated that in the Edinburgh Infirmary a patient has had an ox rib substituted for a diseased bone in his leg, and is going about "with a limb as hearty and strong as ever." One would think that the curvature of the rib would give him a bow leg; it would also have been more considerate to have taken it from a pig, which has a "spare rib"; but these are details. Of course, one has heard tales of the transfusion of blood—the life ("for the blood is the life") lent by man to his fellow-creature; and also of that strip of skin—taken from some spot, let us hope, where it would be little missed—out of which a new nose is made for a friend who has had the misfortune to lose that feature; but the borrowing of limbs from "the lower animals" (if an ox is such, which depends on circumstances) is quite novel. It opens up, indeed, an extensive area of substitution. Time was when a man's brains were out that

there was an end of him; but is there not now the frolicsome calf at hand with a superfluity of that commodity, the nature of which has been so often likened to what is missing? The term "pigeon-breasted" may still remain only a metaphor; but the lordly turkey, with his swelling chest, may surely supply a void beneath the close-buttoned surcoat! If our respiratory organs can no longer give response to the humorous tale, why should not the equine race be requisitioned for its "horse laugh"? The "rabbit mouth" and the "hare lip" may neither of them be admirable from an æsthetic point of view; but they will at least be better than nothing, and it is satisfactory to learn that they can be utilised.

The last report of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution is a more gratifying one even than usual. Its little fleet has not only been increased by twenty vessels, making 293 in all, but a steam life-boat is about to be added to it, the efficiency of which has, it is true, to be proved, but which promises quite a new departure in marine philanthropy. Even steam, however, can hardly work quicker or harder than the flesh and blood which have hitherto sufficed for this noble navy. No less than 239 times last year have its services been called into requisition, with the result of saving 420 lives and seventeen ships. On twenty-six occasions they have also convoyed large fleets of fishing-vessels into harbour over dangerous bars. The Institution has had an unusual "collector" in the St. Bernard dog Grace, who, besides winning sixty prizes for himself in his leisure hours, has increased its funds to the extent of £15, chiefly in coppers, which are dropped into a barrel hung round his neck. These, of course, are the freewill offerings of the poor; but it is difficult to say how a rich man can spend a thousand pounds (the exact sum required) more profitably to humanity than in building and endowing a life-boat.

To the laws of supply and demand there is no limit, and even the growing desire for fame is in process of being provided for. Another Tussaud exhibition is to be instituted in the West-End of London. In marble and enduring brass we cannot all expect to be commemorated; but in wax we may modestly hope to be remembered—until melting day. There is even to be a Children's Gallery, the details of which are not vouchsafed to us, but it is possible that the very youngest of us who have made their mark in the world—the juvenile fiddle-players, the infant acrobats, and the boy preachers—may now find their Pantheon. If the worst comes to the worst, there will be, one supposes, a "Room of Horrors" for those who, missing fame, shall at least have earned notoriety, and, if one could "open" with the Whitechapel murderer, what a success one would have! Nothing, indeed, of this sensational kind is promised; but, for my part, I own there was nothing in the old institution in Baker-street so attractive to me as its admirable collection of criminals. The groups of Kings and Queens, with ladies and gentlemen in Court dresses, were, no doubt, very "historical" and "informing," and Mr. William Cobbett, taking snuff, was a lesson of coolness in political matters which I hope I have never forgotten; but the click of Mr. Burke's head (not that of the politician) as he turned to Mr. Hare (not the actor), doubtless to make some suggestion about the sale of bodies, was a music that held me enthralled. There are to be *tableaux* "illustrating events," we are told, in this new paradise: but what sort of events? Not "the treaty of Tilsit," I do hope. As object lessons in history, such scenes may be invaluable, but, after looking at them for a quarter of a century or so, they begin to pall upon one. With such ductile material as wax, which, moreover, can be used over and over again, one would have thought that representations of great dramatic situations of the immediate present could be portrayed—the "Denial of a glass of water to Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons," for instance, and the last "Murder on the Embankment," composed (with the exception of the lethal instrument) of precisely the same materials. Why not? "On view this day: *Fracas in Parliament last night: the O'Mulligan with the actual documents*," or "The Massacre in Bethnal Green yesterday, reproduced with the chopper, positively only for a few days, on account of the heat of the weather." "There is nothing like keeping up to date with events," says the New Journalism, except being beforehand, which, in the case of waxworks, is unfortunately impossible.

In breach of promise cases it is the letters which are always found to compromise (in some instances even the case itself); indeed, from a legal point of view, it may almost be said that there are no "proofs before letters"; and where their chief danger lies is generally in the endearing epithets. On the other hand, when they are manifestly out of place, they help the cause of the defendant. A curious example of this has occurred of late, where a Miss Isabella Brady, described with some want of gallantry as a "grey-headed, hard-featured spinster of fifty-eight years," sued a Mr. Thomas Miskell, aged twenty-two, and claimed ten thousand dollars from him. All was going (as it should be) for the lady, when a letter was read in which her Tommy, in an ecstasy, called his Bella his "kitten," whereupon the jury was "convulsed," and assessed the damages at six cents.

How varied and curious are the questions put by their volunteer correspondents to the weekly newspapers! An editor should be an Admirable Crichton who is able to answer them; it is said, indeed, that some of the most difficult are made to order by gentlemen "on the staff," and that their replies are in his pigeon-hole cut and dried: but there are some people who are never so happy as when they are destroying the illusions of their fellow-creatures. Here is a query culled from last week's *parterre*, the sweet simplicity of which cannot be beaten by that of the Three per Cents: "Nightingale: Can some reader oblige by telling me at what place near London I should be able to hear the nightingale sing, and whether they are to be found anywhere in the immediate suburbs?" She (for of course it's a she) has evidently her eye upon the Underground, or the tram-cars at

farthest, as a means of getting within hearing of that delicious music. She has probably never read Keats—

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,  
No hungry generations tread thee down,  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by Emperor and Clown.  
Perchance the selfsame song that found a path  
To the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

But still she wants to hear the nightingale. "Also, please say," adds "Jenny," with touching ignorance (her name is Jenny, though not Jenny Wren, or she would probably know more about her feathered kin)—"also please say if these birds sing in the daytime, or is there only a chance of hearing them by night?" I should certainly tell this simple and innocent querist, if I were her editor, that they sang in the day only, lest she should take the evening rail, and risk "the chances of the dark." I am firmly convinced that she is as pretty and guileless as her questions, and resolutely decline to believe that they emanate from any member of "our staff."

The Balloon Society have offered a hundred pounds for the will made in its favour by its founder, the late Mr. Sangster. The bequest of a hundred thousand pounds it looks for is (characteristically) very much "in the air," but one hopes it may not remain there. If anything is ever to be done in aërostation, it must be through experiments of a costly character. A man may journey in a balloon from Aberdeen to Africa, but the science of sky travel "gets no forrarder" for it: he is literally at the mercy of every wind that blows. Mr. Benjamin Franklin dropped some admirable aphorisms in his time; but when he took to prophecy, and said that a balloon was but a child which would grow to mature manhood, he either made a mistake, or omitted to say that the man he had in his mind was Methuselah.

## THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

The successor of Prince Bismarck in the office of Chancellor of the German Empire, General George von Caprivi de Caprera de Montecucculi, was born at Berlin on Feb. 24, 1831. His father, descended from an illustrious Italian family, was a high legal functionary in the service of the Prussian State. Entering a regiment in his eighteenth year, he won rapid promotion, and served with distinction in the campaigns of 1864 and 1866. In 1870 he acted as Chief of the Staff to the 10th Corps, and took part in all the battles on the Loire. Winning further advancement in military rank, he was appointed in 1882 to the command of the 30th Division at Metz; and next year, passing from the Army to the Navy, he succeeded Herr Von Stosch at the head of the Admiralty. His performances in organising the fleet of the German Empire obtained much notice on the accession of the Emperor William II. Then, the command of the Imperial fleet being vested in Admiral Von der Goltz, while something like a Ministry of Marine was created under Rear-Admiral Von Heussner, the Army regained the services of General Von Caprivi, who, in the redistribution of military commands, was rewarded with that of the 10th or Hanoverian Army Corps, one of the finest in the whole service. He is undoubtedly a man of great administrative ability; but whether or not he possesses the talents of a diplomatist or the sagacity of a statesman remains to be proved. The Emperor William II. probably intends to do his own statesmanship. It is said that his Majesty prefers a soldier for his new Chancellor, as likely to know best how much strength is given to an Imperial policy by having an Army to back it. Personally, General Von Caprivi, though many years junior to Bismarck, is rather like him in countenance, and is even slightly bigger in stature and breadth of shoulders, which will have no small weight laid upon them.

## SKETCHES IN BERLIN.

The scene exhibited in one of our Berlin Sketches is that of the street crowd in the evening of Tuesday, March 18, when the resignation of the Prussian Ministry and the Chancellorship of the German Empire by Prince Bismarck was made known, while carriages rapidly passed to the Emperor's palace, conveying important official persons, civil and military, with whom his Majesty chose to take counsel. The appointment of General Von Caprivi, as the new Chancellor, was announced in the evening of the following day.

The arrival of the Prince of Wales and his son Prince George of Wales on Friday, March 21, was an event that excited much interest among the citizens of Berlin. Their Royal Highnesses, at ten o'clock in the morning, were met at the Lehrter Railway Station by the Emperor William II., the Empress Frederick, and several of the Prussian Princes, and by the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Malet, Count Herbert Bismarck, and the Marquis of Londonderry. After cordial greetings between the Emperor and the Prince of Wales—they both wore military uniform—a procession of carriages was formed, with an escort of Cuirassiers, and drove across the Königsplatz, in the Thiergarten, through the Brandenburg Gate, and along the Unter den Linden to the Schloss, or Imperial Palace. Here the Princes were received by the German Empress. The road near the Opera House was lined by the 1st Dragoon Guards Regiment (the Queen of England's), whose light-blue uniform the Emperor wore; and their band played the English National Anthem. The Royal standards of England and Prussia were hoisted over the palace. A grand State banquet was given in honour of the Prince of Wales, in the White Saloon of the palace, attended by all the German Imperial family, except the Empress Frederick and the Grand Duchess of Baden. The Emperor wore the uniform of an Admiral of the British Royal Navy, and the Prince of Wales that of the Blücher Hussars, to which allusions were made in their speeches. On Saturday the Prince of Wales visited his sister, the Empress Frederick, and went to the Imperial Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, to lay wreaths on the tomb of her lamented husband; there was also a commemorative service in the chapel there, attended by the Emperor and Empress, on the anniversary of the death of the Emperor William I. A Chapter of the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle was held at the Palace, where Prince George of Wales was invested with that Order. Another State banquet was given in the evening.

On Sunday the Prince of Wales attended the English Church service, called on Prince Bismarck, and dined with Count Herbert Bismarck.

On Monday the Emperor entertained his illustrious guest with military shows. There was a luncheon given by the 1st Dragoon Guards, and a regimental parade in the barrack-square, followed in the afternoon by manoeuvres against a skeleton enemy on the Tempelhofer Field. In the evening there was a banquet at the British Embassy, when the Prince of Wales, as host, entertained the Emperor and Empress and all the members of the Royal family. On Tuesday the Emperor, with his military staff, conducted his illustrious relations to Spandau to inspect the School of Musketry and to witness experiments with the smokeless powder.



## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The desirability of keeping "in touch" with his followers was so far recognised by Lord Salisbury that the Prime Minister on March the Twentieth addressed a large meeting of Conservatives at the Carlton Club, and earnestly appealed to them to support the Government measures dealing with Tithes and Irish Land Purchase. Until the latter Bill is passed, the noble Marquis intimated that the Ministerial plan to extend local self-government in Ireland could not well be proceeded with. Free or "assisted" education could be left till next year. The Carlton Club conference was all very well so far as it went, but the Ministry will not feel wholly sure of their working majority in the Commons till the Marquis of Hartington (on his way back from Egypt) has similarly rallied the Liberal Unionists at the welcome-home banquet to be given in his honour on his return.

The Lords, with habitual dispatch, managed to sum up their opinion of the Parnell Commission report in one evening. Lord Salisbury, of course, carried his motion on the Twenty-first of March that the report be adopted and the Commissioners thanked, but not without an elaborate and eloquent remonstrance from Lord Herschell, and another from the Earl of Rosebery, and pleas for Mr. Parnell from Earl Granville, Earl Spencer, and Lord Kimberley. The Premier, on the other hand, was buttressed by Lord Selborne, the Earl of Derby, and the Lord Chancellor. Looking in better health on Monday, the Twenty-fourth of March, Lord Salisbury exhibited some patience in quietly enduring the prolix discourse of the Duke of Northumberland on Volunteer equipments, and left it to Earl Brownlow to vindicate Government action towards the

Volunteers. Having previously spread a certain amount of satisfaction by the announcement that the House of Lords would adjourn from Saturday, March the Twenty-ninth, to the Thursday after Easter week, the Prime Minister may have felt justified in cheerily answering Lord Dunraven's interrogation respecting the Berlin Labour Conference. The Earl of Dunraven (whose proved sympathy with the working classes would have made him a good representative of England at the Labour Conference) then obtained his release from the "Sweating" Committee, on which he has done good service.

Army and Navy administration will probably be shortly reformed, if the report of Lord Hartington's Commission have due weight. The pith of this significant report is that the office of Commander-in-Chief should be abolished, and a Chief of the Staff appointed, with Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, and other officers, forming a War Office Council with the Parliamentary and Permanent Secretaries of the Army and the Navy. The Government will certainly deserve public support if they can satisfactorily achieve this great reform.

The House of Lords has of late seriously considered how it could best reform itself. But Mr. Labouchere is still in a hurry to abolish it as an hereditary chamber. The hon. member's annual motion to this effect caught many votes in the Commons on the Twenty-first of March, and was attentively listened to by Mr. Gladstone. It was negatived by a majority of 62-201 against 139 votes—a result which may possibly encourage the Earl of Rosebery or Lord Dunraven to renew attempting to reform the Upper Chamber.

As Mr. Balfour proceeded to unfold the new Irish Land Purchase Bill in the Commons on the Twenty-fourth of

March, the right hon. gentleman drew a large audience. The Peers' Gallery was full, the Duke of Fife being among the most attentive listeners; and the members' gallery facing the Secretary for Ireland was crowded; while there was a goodly attendance on the floor of the House. It proved a most complicated measure; and, laudably painstaking as Mr. Balfour was in expounding the scheme, he repeated himself now and again, and had to be prompted occasionally by Mr. Smith or Mr. Goschen. Not quite recovered from his severe cold, Mr. Balfour looked more than ordinarily pale, and his tall, spare figure seemed particularly frail as he laboriously endeavoured to make himself understood. He had frequently to use his pince-nez to read the mass of figures jotted down on his notes. The chief points were—that the five existing public bodies in Ireland dealing with the land should be amalgamated into one Land Department, which would administer this Act, and that, with some thirty-three million pounds to play with, the new Land Department could advance tenants the money to buy their holdings at not more than twenty years' purchase, upon their undertaking to pay four per cent interest on the purchase money. A new Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent stock would be created to pay the landlords; and various Imperial and local contributions would be relied on for a contingent guarantee fund; while a Special Board, endowed with a million and a half sterling from the Irish Church surplus, would deal with congested districts. It should be noted that the Prime Minister explicitly stated at the Carlton Club meeting that Mr. Goschen agreed with him that the security to be provided would be found quite satisfactory. Mr. Gladstone could only offer the Bill due consideration; and Mr. Parnell and his followers are understood to scoff at the



THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE: ON THE LAWN OF THE LYRIC CLUB, BARNES.

measure which the Government have framed with such care as a supplement to the Ashbourne Act. At the same sitting, the Closure had to be applied to secure the second reading of the new Allotments Bill, moved by Mr. Ritchie. That hon. members were quite ready for the Easter holidays was evident from the fact that on the eve of the Boat-Race Day the third count-out of the Session occurred.

Elections are pending, and other elections are in the air. On the Twenty-fifth of March the seat for East Down, rendered void by the resignation of Captain Blackwood Ker, was filled by another Conservative, Dr. Rentoul, who was returned unopposed; and on the same date the contest in the Ayr Burghs resulted in the gain of a seat for the Government, Mr. Somervell defeating the Gladstonian candidate, Mr. Routledge, by a majority of 130.

Major Lane, Governor of her Majesty's prison at Chelmsford, has been appointed Governor of her Majesty's jail at Armley, Leeds, in place of Captain Keene, who has retired upon a pension, after thirty years' service.

An Admiralty order has been received at Sheerness Dockyard directing the authorities to commence the construction of a new second-class cruiser, which is to be named the Brilliant, and will be the largest ship ever built at that establishment. She is to be 300 ft. in length, and is to have a displacement of 3600 tons.

The stained-glass window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, given by the South Wales Borderers (24th Regiment) in memory of their comrades who fell in the Burmah campaign, has been placed in the "Priory" Church, Brecon, the territorial district of the regiment. The memorial brass beneath it records the name of every man (fifty-one in all) who fell in action, or died of disease, during the campaign 1886-7-8.

## THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

The annual eight-oar race, on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake, between the picked crews of the Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Clubs was rowed on Wednesday, March 26, in the afternoon, and resulted in the victory of the Oxford crew.

Portraits of the members of both crews, with their names and colleges and the weight of each man, were published in the last Number of this Journal; but Mr. T. W. Northmore, of Queens' College, was substituted for Mr. Laidlay as coxswain of the Cambridge boat. The umpire was Mr. R. Lewis Lloyd, of Magdalene College, Cambridge; and Mr. F. Fenner, of the London Rowing Club, acted as judge at the winning-post at Mortlake.

The time of day appointed for the race, half past four in the afternoon, allowed many spectators of the leisurely and fashionable classes to assemble in such privileged situations as the lawn of the Lyric Club, and in reserved grounds on the banks of the river. The weather, though uncertain as usual in spring, was mild and genial, with bright warm sunshine and a soft westerly breeze.

An illustration of the performance of "The Children's Orchestra," before the Queen and Princess Beatrice at Windsor Castle, appeared in last week's publication. This institution, of which the Duchess of Teck is President, is managed by a committee of ladies—Mrs. Spencer Chapman, Mrs. Frederick Cook, Mrs. A. Milman, Mrs. Alt, Lady Alston, Mrs. Percy Armytage, Lady Stewart, Mrs. Cecil Reed, Mrs. Rooper, Mrs. Travers, and Mrs. Hawkshaw. Miss Edith Cook and Miss Lilian Milman act as librarians. Mr. Percy Armytage is conductor and manager of the concerts. The girls admitted to the orchestra, limited to eighty members, are under seventeen years of age, with a few special exceptions; they pay an

annual guinea subscription; they are chosen by an election committee, of which the parents of girls already in the orchestra are members. Rehearsals of music take place on alternate Saturdays, but not in the autumn months. At the public concerts, usually given in aid of hospitals or similar charities, the girls wear a sort of uniform—a white dress, with red and blue sashes. Further information may be had from Mr. Percy Armytage, 1A, Wilton-place, Belgrave-square.

The Earl of Lonsdale has contributed £250 towards the restoration of Bowness parish church.

The Bombay University Cobden Club silver medal for Political Economy has been awarded to Trimbak Ramchandra Kotvel, of Deccan College.

Mr. Benjamin Francis Williams, Q.C., has been appointed the First Recorder of Cardiff. He practises on the South Wales and Chester circuit, and is at present Recorder at Carmarthen.

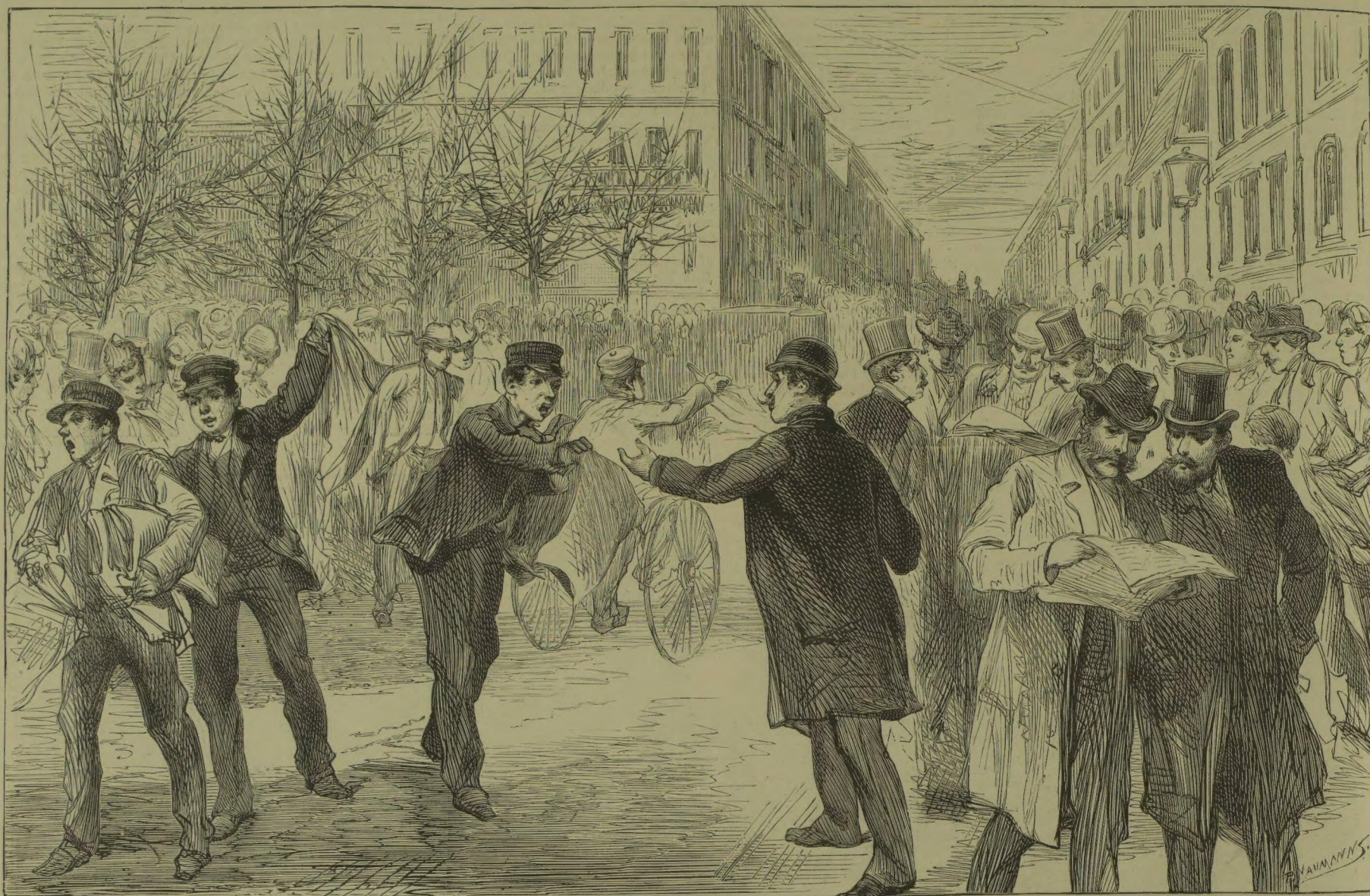
The annual Public Schools Volunteer Review and Field Day at Aldershot was held on March 25. The Volunteers numbered about 1500 of all ranks, and were drawn from fifteen public schools.

The Bishop of London has intimated his willingness to become a vice-president of the Northern Technical and Re-creative Institute, for which an important site has been secured in the Holloway-road.

The Duke of Fife presided at a banquet at the Hôtel Métropole in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital. There was a large attendance, and the list of donations and subscriptions amounted to upwards of £2700.

Messrs. Alfred de Bréanski, J. W. Godward, Edward Holmes, Albert Kinsley, G. Sheridan Knowles, Charles E. Marshall, Leopold Rivers, and Henry Zimmerman have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists.



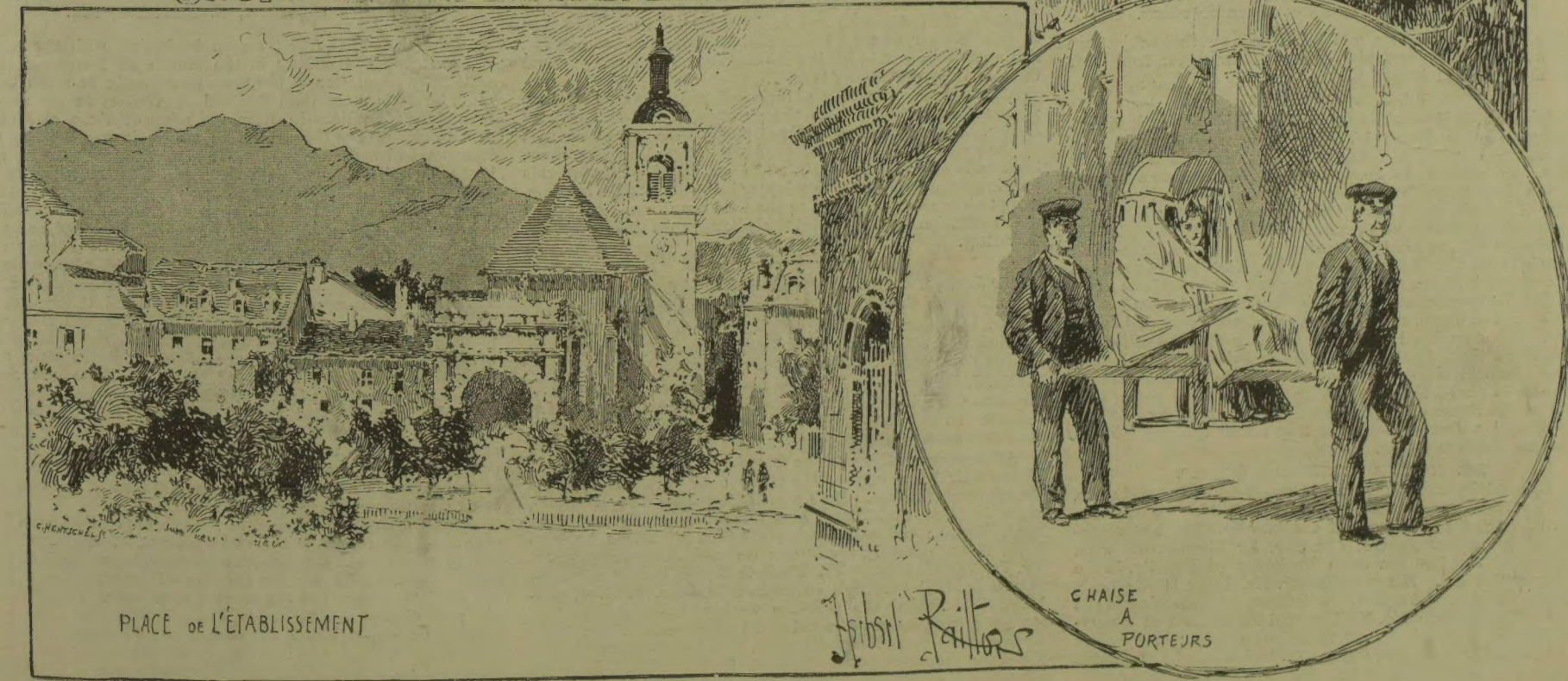
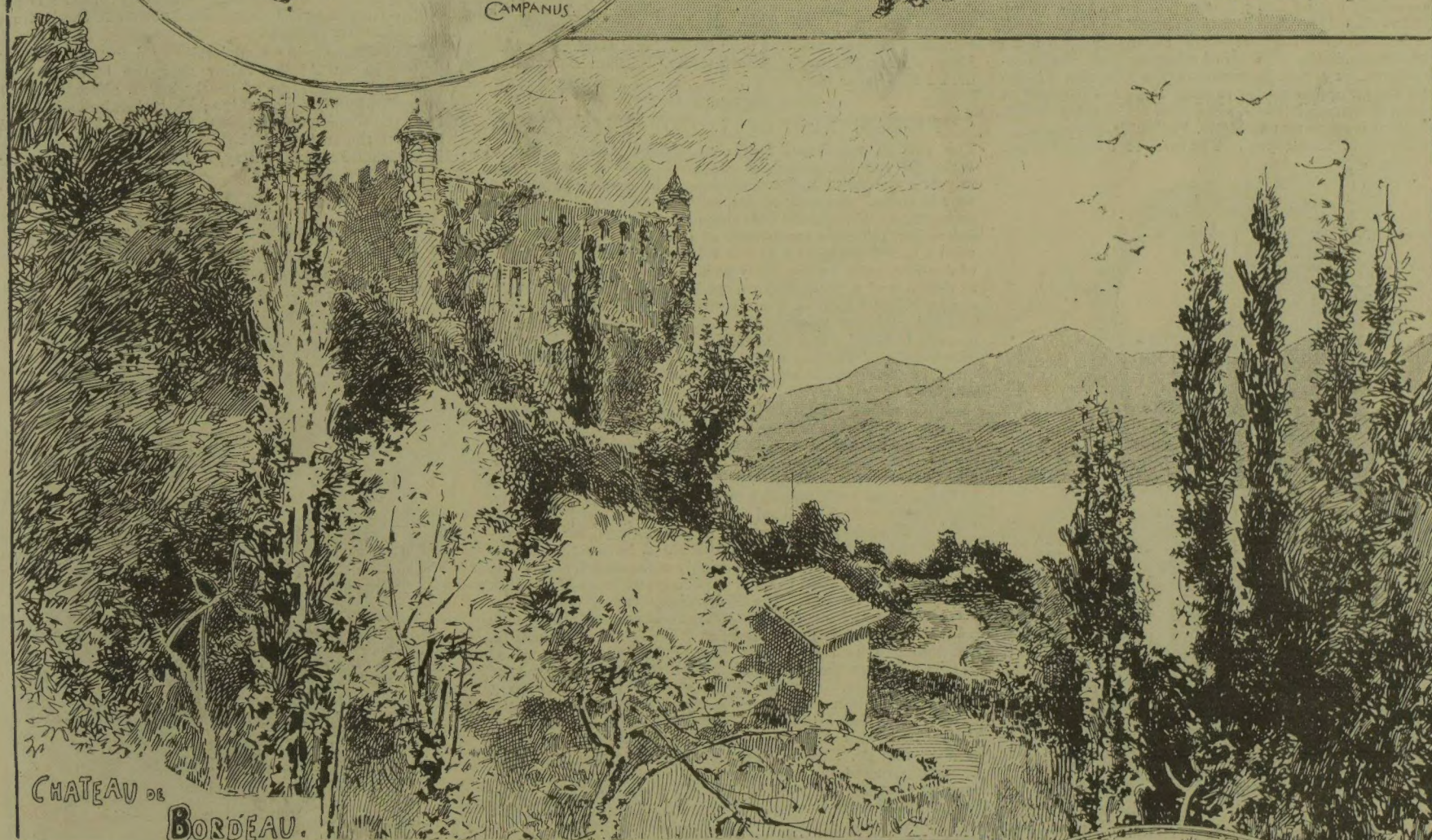
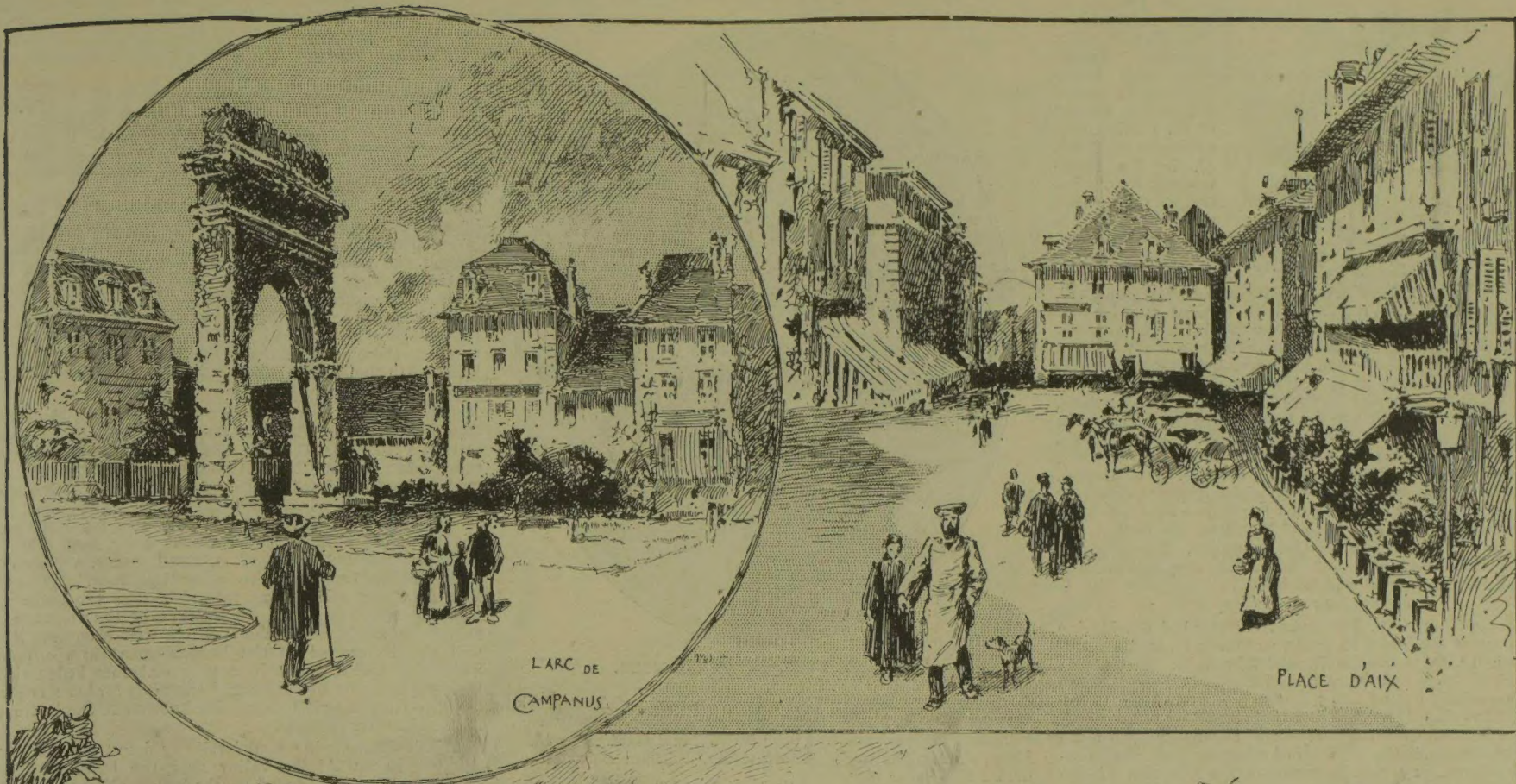


EXCITEMENT IN THE STREETS OF BERLIN AT THE NEWS OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S RESIGNATION.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BERLIN.







## OBITUARY.

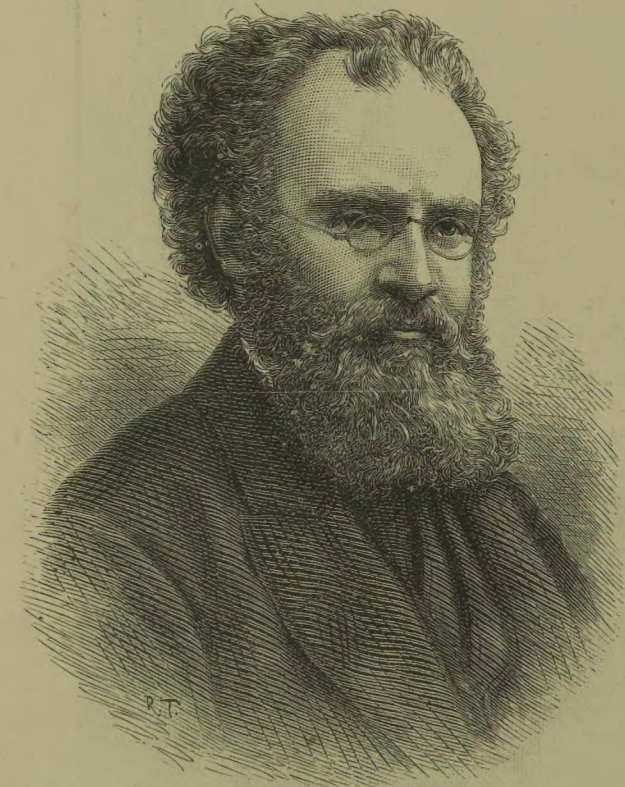
THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER, K.P.

The Most Noble William Drogo, seventh Duke of Manchester in the Peerage of Great Britain, Earl of Manchester, Viscount Mandeville, and Baron Montagu in that of England, a Knight of St. Patrick, died at Naples on March 21, in his sixty-seventh year. His Grace was eldest son of George, sixth Duke, by Millicent, his wife, daughter and heiress of

Brigadier-General Robert Bernard Sparrow of Brampton Park, Huntingdonshire, and represented an ancient and historic family. The first Earl of Manchester was Lord High Treasurer of England, and the second the famous Parliamentary General who won the battle of Marston Moor over Prince Rupert. The nobleman whose death we record was formerly a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and Hon. Colonel Huntingdon Militia. In 1843 he acted as A.D.C. to the Governor of the Cape, and in 1852 was Lord of the Bedchamber to Prince Albert. He sat in the House of Commons for Bewdley from 1848 to 1852, and for Huntingdonshire from 1852 to 1855. He married, July 22, 1852, Countess Louise Fredericke Auguste, daughter of Comte d'Alten, of Hanover, and leaves two sons and three daughters—namely, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Gosford, and Lady Alice Maude Olivia Stanley. The elder son, George Victor Drogo, Viscount Mandeville, now eighth Duke of Manchester, is married, and has issue.

MR. THOMAS GRAY, C.B.

Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., Permanent Secretary of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, on March 15, at his residence, Rokesby House, Stockwell, aged fifty-eight. He entered the Board of Trade in 1851, and distinguished himself in the service, especially by acquiring a complete knowledge of the work of surveying steamships and their machinery; but in all matters connected with the mercantile marine and with the welfare of seamen, in the abolition of crimping, in the improvement of officers, in wreck inquiries, in the adoption of the rocket and mortar apparatus for casting lines to shipwrecked crews, in the commercial code of signals, in all the legislation and administration arising out of Mr. Plimsoll's movement, he took an active and useful part. The rules of the road at sea



THE LATE MR. T. GRAY, C.B.,  
MARINE DEPARTMENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

he made almost his own, and his rhymes on that subject are well known among seafaring men, and have been translated into most foreign languages.

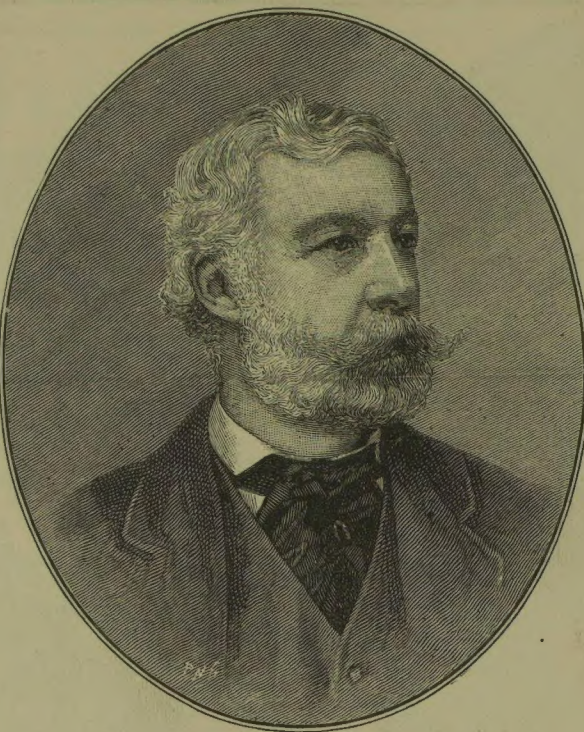
MR. J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

Mr. John Rogers Herbert, Honorary Retired Royal Academician, died suddenly on March 17. He was born on Jan. 23, 1810, and was the son of a Controller of Customs at Maldon, in Essex. He was sent to London in 1826, and became a student of the Royal Academy. His earliest exhibited pictures (1830-5) consisted of portraits. From 1839 to 1841 he painted chiefly scenes of romance and chivalry. In 1846 he was elected R.A., and in 1848 was invited to assist in decorating the new Houses of Parliament. To Mr. Herbert was assigned the decoration of the Peers' robing-room with subjects from the Old Testament, one of which, entitled "Illustrations of Justice on the Earth, and Its Development in Law and Judgment," was completed in 1864. For this fresco Parliament voted him a handsome sum, in addition to the original price agreed upon. His fresco, "Moses Descending from the Mount with the Tables of the Law," is in the principal committee-room of the House of Lords. In December 1869 Mr. Herbert was elected a foreign corresponding member of the French Académie des Beaux-Arts.

MR. EDMUND SWETENHAM, Q.C., M.P.

Mr. Edmund Swetenham, Q.C., of Cam-yr-Alyn, Denbighshire, M.P. for Carnarvon District, died on March 19. He was born Nov. 15, 1822, the second son of the late Mr. Clement Swetenham of Somerford Booths, Cheshire, by Eleanor, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. John Buchanan of Donnelly, in the county of Donegal. His grandfather, Mr. Roger Comberbach, assumed the name and arms of Swetenham on succeeding to the estates of his granduncle, Mr. Edmund Swetenham of Somerford Booths, High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1722. He received his education at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in 1844, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1848, and was made a Q.C. in 1880 and a Bench in 1882. He was a Justice of the Peace for Denbighshire, and represented Carnarvon District in Parliament as a Conservative from July 1886, having been defeated there the November previous. The

deceased gentleman was married twice—first, April 12, 1851, to Elizabeth Jane, daughter of the late Mr. Wilson Jones of Hartsheath Park, near Mold; and secondly, in 1868, to Gertrude, second daughter of Mr. Ellis Cunliffe, and grand-



THE LATE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

daughter of the late Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart., of Acton Park, Wrexham, and leaves (with two daughters) an only son, Edmund William, who was born in 1857, and married, in 1882, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Barnston of Crewe Hill, near Chester.

## PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA.

The visit of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales to the Maharajah of Jeypore, one of the ancient reigning Princes of Rajpootana, was an interesting part of his tour in India. Jeypore, or Jaipur according to strict official orthography, though its old name was Ambair, is a province extending 150 miles south-west of Delhi, and west of Agra, with a mixed population of one million and a half. The city of Jeypore, built in the early part of the last century, stands at the base of a rocky hill crowned with a strong fortress or castle, below which is the magnificent towered palace, with pillared cloisters and courts, and walled gardens, terraces, alcoves, fountains, and shrubberies, which are much admired. The streets of the town are regularly laid out, and contain many handsome buildings, mosques, and temples. It is distant 140 miles from Agra.

Prince Albert Victor arrived on Thursday, Feb. 13, and was received by Colonel Walter, Colonel Prideaux, Colonel Jacob, and his Highness the Maharajah, with eight of his chief nobles. The roads were kept by the Maharajah's infantry, which furnished a guard of honour, from the railway station to a triumphal arch, and on to the Sanganeer gate of the city. The streets were also lined by Naga troops, with the old-fashioned muskets. A procession was formed, led by flag-bearers and drummers, with a cavalcade of horsemen, bullock-carriages, camels, and elephants richly caparisoned, one of the animals last mentioned bearing the Prince, with the Maharajah and Colonel Prideaux. The Maharajah's troops of different corps—some in green, others in saffron and red uniform—made a gay military show; the Nagas, as they joined in the march, performing a wild war-dance, and brandishing their naked swords. This procession went through the town, and out of the Ajmere gate. A ceremonial reception took place at a later hour, and in the afternoon his Royal Highness visited the Museum, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales fourteen years ago, and was shown the collection by Dr. Henley. This institution, called the Albert Museum, situated in the centre of the public gardens, is very complete, while the gardens are the finest in India; they were laid out at the expense of the late Maharajah, and cost over three lacs of rupees.

On Friday the morning was spent in pigsticking, and by luncheon time the party had killed eleven boars. News then came of a tiger, and the Prince and his suite went off after it, and were fortunate in killing it—the Prince wounding it, and Captain Harvey shooting it dead.

On Saturday morning a series of wild-beast fights took place before the Prince in the grounds of the Maharajah's Palace. The first was an elephant fight; then, in another part of the premises, were exhibited fights of quails, cocks, rams, buck and sambar deer, also boar and bull fighting; but all this fighting stopping short of any injury being done to the animals, except an accidental wound to one wild boar.

Illustrations are supplied by photographs taken by Dr. G. Rutter.

Sir James Tyler has given his promised donation of £1000 to the Bethnal Green Free Library New Building Fund.

Mr. Pitt Corbett, M.A., D.C.L., of Gray's Inn, has been appointed by the Senate of the University of Sydney the first Challis Professor of Law in that University.

Mr. J. Douglas Matthews has been returned, unopposed, as Common Councilman for the ward of Dowgate, in the place of the late Mr. Deputy White, who had represented the ward in the Corporation for fifty years.

At Brompton Hospital, on March 25, the comedieta "A Happy Pair" was very well performed by Mrs. Tennant and Mr. Herbert Linford. This was followed by two scenettes, given in their well-known happy manner by Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Upton; and a charming selection of music by Miss Ethel Winn (encored), the Misses Burke-Irwin (encored), and Mr. Luther Munday. Mr. Frederic Upton kindly arranged this delightful evening's entertainment.—Mr. S. H. Heron-Maxwell provided the previous weekly entertainment, an attractive programme of vocal and instrumental music being performed by Lady Heron-Maxwell, Miss Heron-Maxwell, Miss Kathleen Heron-Maxwell, Madame Gregory Hast, Miss K. Fennings; Mr. Buffin, Mr. Gregory Hast, Mr. Comyn Platt, Mr. W. Fennings, and Mr. James Sarjeant, reciter. There were several encores.—Canon Knox Little preached at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, on Sunday, March 23, in behalf of the hospital, and the collection amounted to £87.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO AIX-LES-BAINS.

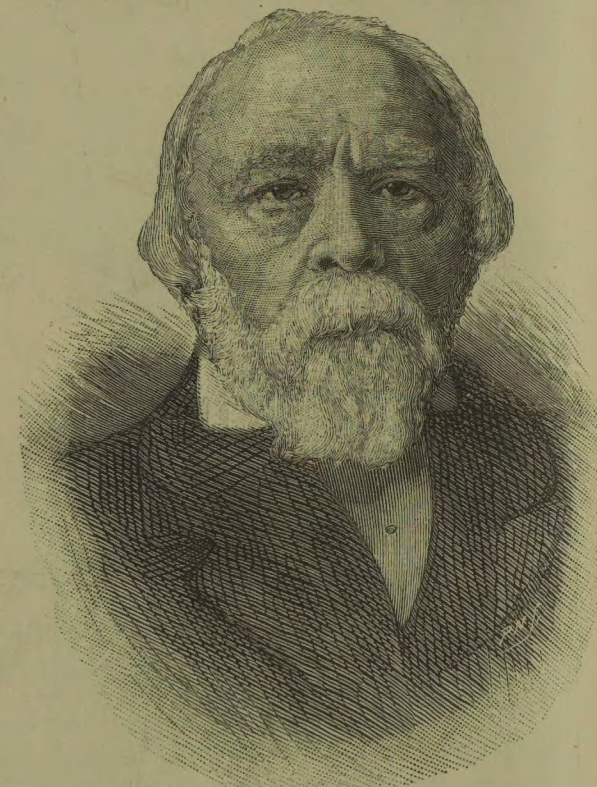
Her Majesty's temporary residence at this agreeable and fashionable French watering-place among the mountains of Savoy, which the Queen and Princess Beatrice have visited on former occasions, is at the Villa Victoria, a detached house, in its own grounds, connected with the Grand Hôtel Bernascon et de l'Europe, engaged for the exclusive occupation of the English Royal party.

The Queen fully intends to carry out her intention to build a villa on the property at Tresserves which she purchased some few years since; the Municipality of that village having yielded to her Majesty's desire to turn the course of a public road, which at present passes through her estate, and to make other roads of approach.

The Villa Victoria is a large building which contains a hundred rooms. The garden railings are screened by placing large shrubs in huge tubs or vases. Sentinels are on duty around, and a military band plays daily. The Queen enjoys a beautiful view from the villa; but that from the Tresserves property is magnificent, and is only surpassed by the panorama from Mont Revard. This mountain is close by, and it is proposed to construct a sort of Righi railway to the summit, and to erect there an establishment similar to that of Davos Platz, as in the Engadine, for people of consumptive temperament.

The Queen had previously never undergone the ordinary treatment at the Aix-les-Bains Thermal Establishment, although Princess Beatrice had done so, with great exactness; when, for her Royal Highness, the Douche Cabinet was most elaborately fitted up and carpeted, the boudoir table was covered with costly laces, and was adorned with some objects of art, lent by the Director, M. Livit, from his own museum, and with corbeilles of flowers sent daily from Nice. Her Majesty presented to M. Livit, the Director, a copy of her book "Leaves from Our Life in the Highlands." It is expected that the Queen will, during this visit, take the baths at the Etablissement—formerly she had one of the "massesuses," or rubbers, to attend her at the villa; in that event, her Majesty will not be carried to the Etablissement in the ordinary "chaise à porteur," but in a very elaborate Sedan chair of the style of Louis XIV., prepared expressly for her service. The distance from the villa to the Etablissement can be traversed in less than five minutes.

Aix-les-Bains, nine hours' railway journey from Paris, is situated in an Alpine valley near the beautiful Lake of Bourget, at an elevation of nearly 800 ft. above the sea-level, surrounded by high mountains; Mont Grenier and the mountain of the Grande Chartreuse to the south; Monts Revard and Nivolet to the east; and the Dent-du-Chat to the west. Its climate is mild but not sultry, and in spring or in autumn is

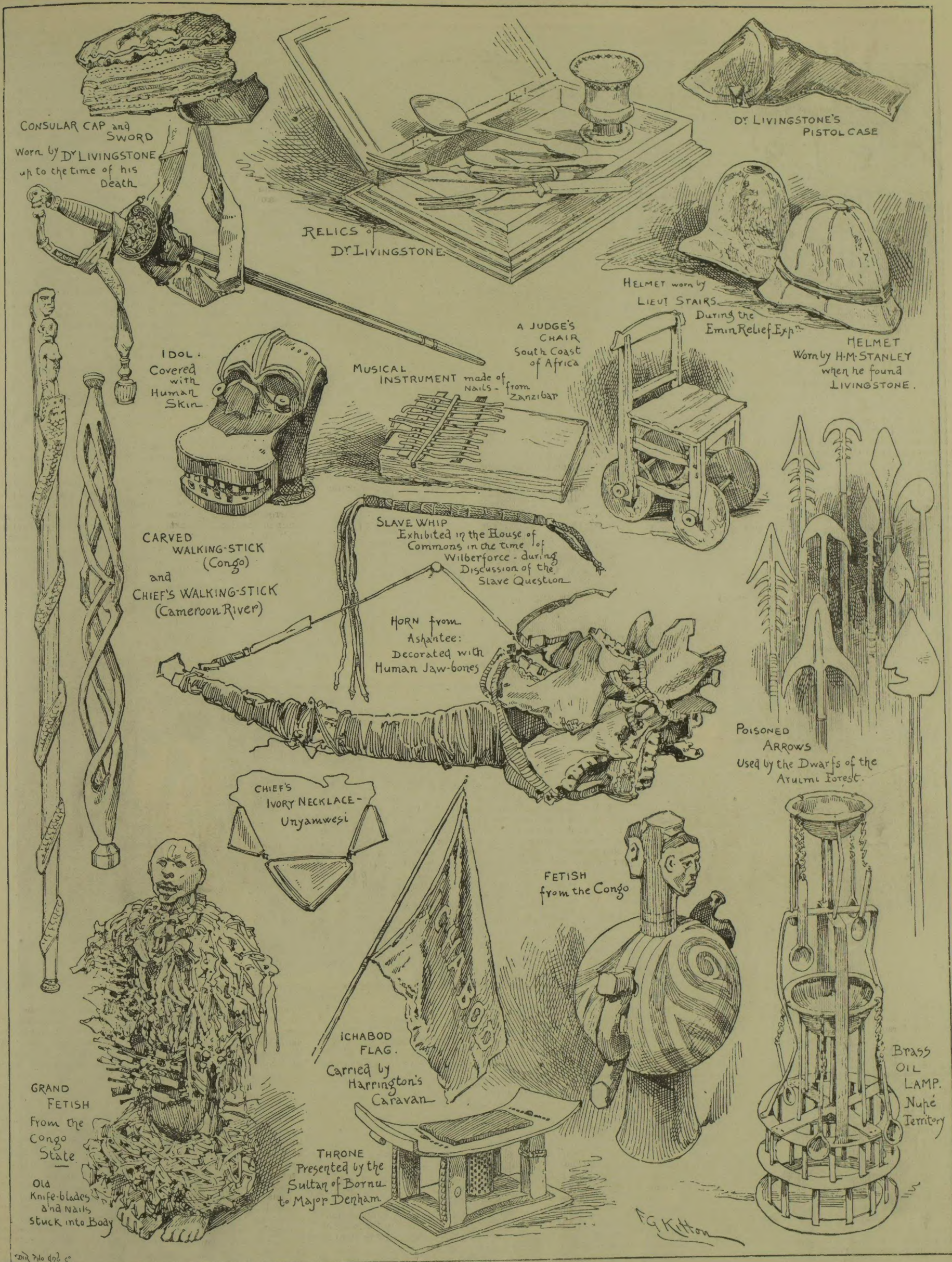


THE LATE MR. J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

most delightful; the first season beginning with the month of April, the last ending in the middle of November. The stationary population of the town may be six or seven thousand, but it is more than doubled by visitors in the season. As a place of medicinal waters, the name of Aix, a corruption of "Aque," attests the esteem in which it was held by the Romans, and some ruins of their temples, arches, tombs, and baths are still extant. It was much visited by the Savoy Princes, and in 1600 by King Henry IV. of France. In 1772, King Amadeus III. of Sardinia erected here a grand establishment for the baths. This was repeatedly enlarged, and was completely rebuilt thirty years ago, at which time Savoy was transferred to France. Since 1880 considerable improvements have been made by the present Director. The appliances for hydropathic treatment, chiefly by douches and the system of "massage," are nowhere so perfect: two hundred men and women—some highly trained and skilled—are employed in the various services. For the cure of gout, rheumatism, and kindred diseases, the waters of Aix-les-Bains are most efficacious. People of the working-classes, and the poor generally, are admitted free of charge. The Etablissement belongs to the French Government, by which the Director is appointed. The town contains good hotels, restaurants, pensions, lodgings, and furnished houses to let; excursions, in carriages or on horseback, or by steam-boat on Lac Bourget or on the Rhone, are easily provided.

Adjacent to Aix-les-Bains, in a park approached by a fine avenue of plane-trees, is the establishment of Marlioz, where highly sulphurous waters, containing much iodine and bromine, are used beneficially for the diseases of bronchitis, scrofula, and all derangements of the mucous membrane. Other places not very distant are St. Simon, Challes, Brides-les-Bains, and Salins-Moutiers—the two last named being summer resorts at a high altitude in the mountains—all possessing medicinal waters of peculiar usefulness in different cases of ill-health. Our illustrations show a few of the picturesque scenes around Aix-les-Bains. There are old châteaux and abbeys of much historic interest, including Hautecombe, where the chapel, richly adorned with paintings and sculptures, and the ancient tombs of the Savoy Princes are worthy of inspection.





SKETCHES AT THE STANLEY AND AFRICAN EXHIBITION.

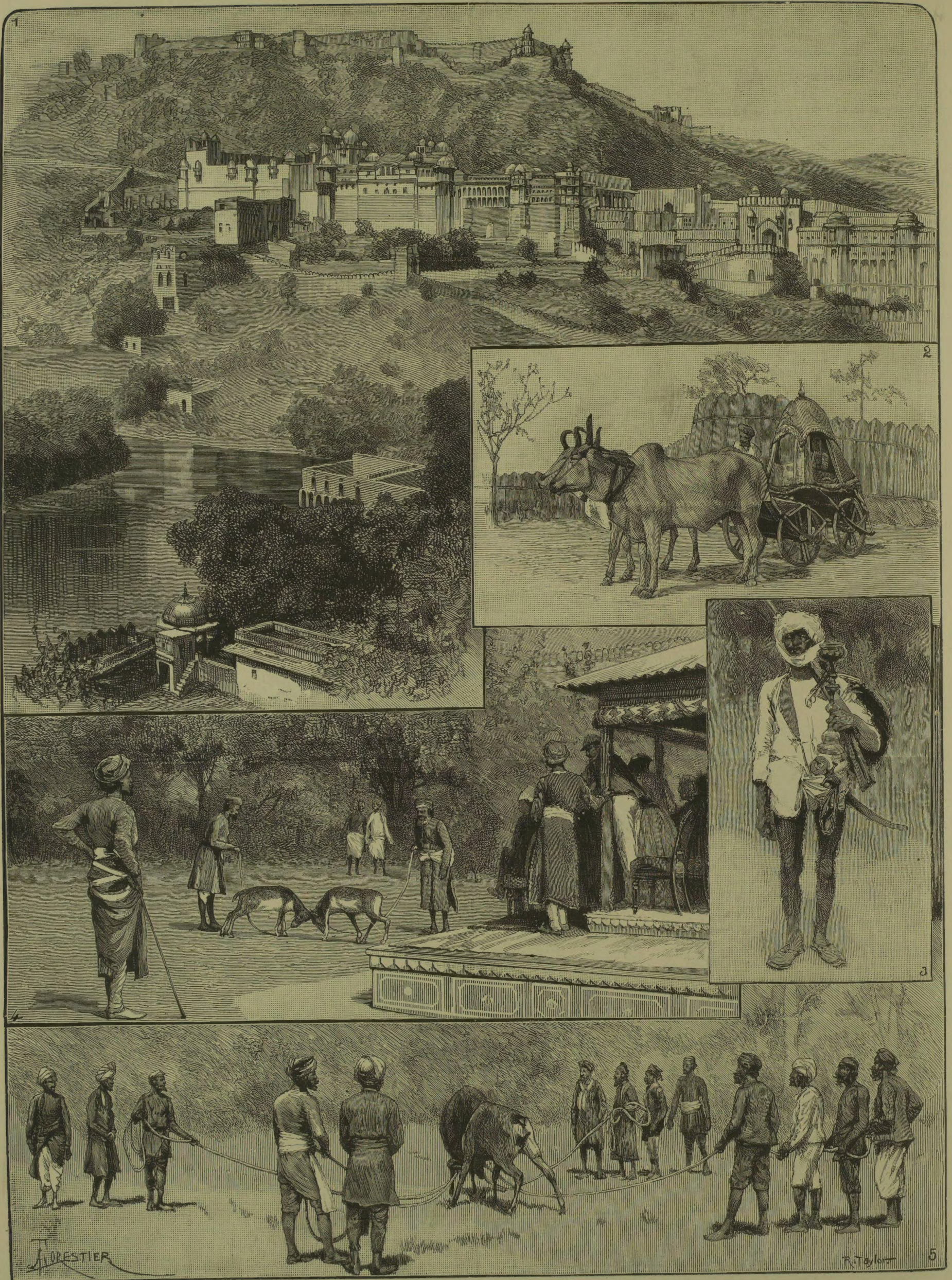
This Exhibition, which was opened at the Victoria Gallery, Regent-street, on March 24, has been arranged by a committee presided over by the Duke of Fife, Chairman of the British South Africa Company, and including Sir William Mackinnon, Chairman of the British East Africa Company, Sir Francis de Winton, Sir Samuel Baker, Sir Richard Burton, Commander Cameron, Colonel J. A. Grant, Sir John Kirk, Mr. H. M. Stanley and the officers of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, Sir Charles Wilson, Mr. Joseph Thomson, and other gentlemen known either as African explorers or travellers, or as promoters of expeditions and missions in that continent. It is under the patronage of the Queen and of the King of the Belgians, President of the Congo Free State.

Its object is to engage the sympathies of the English public in opening up Central Africa to commerce and civilisation, by showing objects explanatory of the geography, geology, botany, and natural history of that region, its produce and manufactures, and the condition of its native races, also of the good work of the missionary, religious, educational, and anti-slavery societies employed there.

The exhibition is divided into four sections: the first being illustrative of geographical exploration, and of the history of famous expeditions for that purpose, with portraits, pictures, and maps, and of the methods, outfit, and apparatus required; the second, that of Christian missions in Africa, with a collection of idols, relics, and other objects of heathen super-

stition; thirdly, the slave trade in Africa, with the atrocious cruelties attending the practice of kidnapping people for the profit of slavers; next, a wide and varied display of the figures, costumes, dwellings, implements, weapons, ornaments, and manufactures of many native African races; lastly, the zoological collection, hunting trophies, heads and horns of animals, and other objects interesting to naturalists and to sportsmen. We may perhaps have an opportunity of examining more in detail the contents of this instructive exhibition, which deals with matters that have frequently obtained a large place among the subjects of illustration and description in our own pages, and in several publications like that recently issued treating of Mr. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.





1. Palace and Castle of the Maharajah of Jeypore.

2. A Nobleman's Carriage.

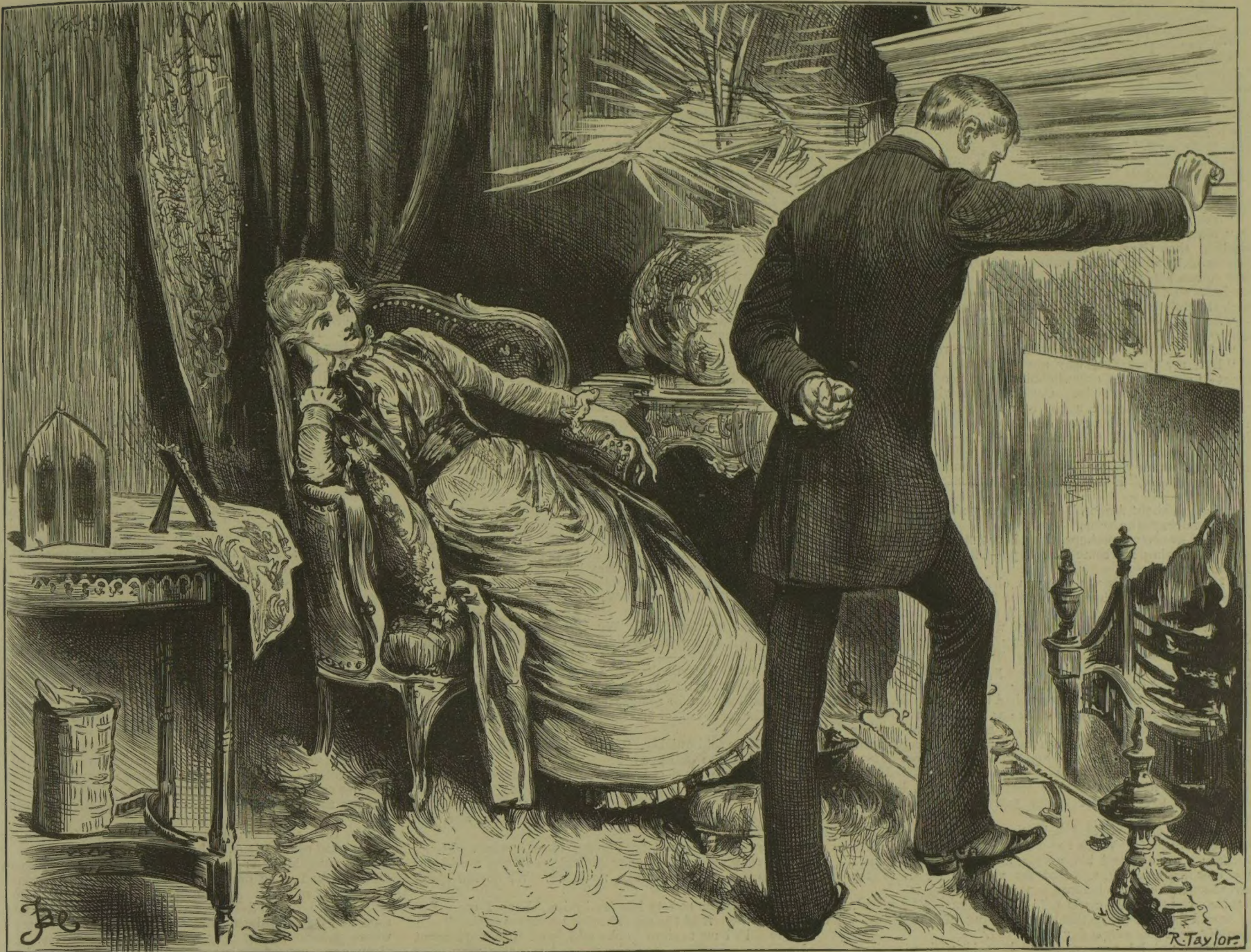
3. A Naga.

4. Black-Buck Fighting.

5. Sambur Deer Fighting.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA: ENTERTAINMENTS AT JEYPORE.





DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"Zoe," he said at length, without looking at her, "your impatience makes you unjust."

## ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

### PART II.—CHAPTER V.

#### ONLY A SIMPLE SERVICE.

MRS. ELSTREE took the card that the maid brought her. She started up, mechanically touched her hair—which was of the feathery and fluffy kind—and her dress, with the woman's instinct to see that everything was in order: the quick colour rose to her cheek—perhaps from the heat of the fire. "Yes," she said, "I am at home." She was sitting beside the fire in the drawing-room of Armorel's flat. It was a cold afternoon in March: outside, a black east wind raged through the streets; it was no day for driving or for walking: within, soft carpets, easy-chairs, and bright fires invited one to stay at home. This lady, indeed, was one of those who love warmth and physical ease above all other things. Actually to be warm, lazily warm, without any effort to feel warmth, afforded her a positive and distinct physical pleasure, just as a cat is pleased by being stroked. Therefore, though a book lay in her lap, she had not been reading. It is much pleasanter to lie back and feel warm, with half-closed eyes, in a peaceful room than to be led away by some impetuous novelist into uncomfortable places, cold places, fatiguing places.

She started, however, and the book fell to the floor, where it remained. And she rose to her feet when the owner of the card came in. The relict of Jerome Elstree was still young, and grief had as yet destroyed none of her beauty. She looked better, perhaps, in the morning—which says a great deal.

"Alec?" she murmured—her eyes as soft as her voice. "I thought you would come this afternoon."

"Are you quite alone, Mrs. Elstree?" he asked with a look of warning.

"Quite, Mr. Feilding. And, since the door is shut, and we are quite alone—why—then— She laughed, held out both her hands, and put up her face like a child.

He took her hands and bent to kiss her lips.

"Zoe," he said, "you grow lovelier every day. Last night— He kissed her again.

"Lovelier than Philippa?"

"What is Philippa beside you? An iceberg beside a— a garden of flowers?"

"There is beauty in icebergs, I have read."

"Never mind Philippa, dear Zoe. She is nothing to us."

"I don't mind her a bit, Alec, if you don't. If you begin to mind her— But we will wait until that happens. Why are you here to-day?"

"I have come to call upon Mrs. Elstree, widow of my poor friend Jerome Elstree."

"Ce pauvre Jerome! The tears come into my eyes"—in fact, they did at that moment—"look!—when I think of him. So often have I spoken of his virtues and his untimely fate that he has really lived. I never before understood that there are ghosts of men who never lived as well as ghosts of the dead."

"And I came to call upon your charge, Miss Rosevean."

"Yes"—she said this dubiously, perhaps jealously—"so I supposed. Why did you send me here, Alec? You have always got some reason for everything. There was no need for my coming—I was doing as well as I expect to do."

The young man looked about the room without replying to this question.

"Someone," he said presently, "has furnished this room who knows furniture."

"It was Armorel herself. I have no taste—as you know."

"And how do you get on with her? Are you happy here, Zoe?"

"I am as happy as I ever expect to be—until—"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, impatiently. "You like her, then?"

"I like her as much as I can like any woman. You know, Alec, I am not greatly in love with my own sex. If there were no other women in the world than just enough to dress me, get my dinner, and keep my house clean, I should not murmur. Eve was the happiest of women, in spite of the difficulties she must have had in keeping up with the fashion. Because, you see, she was the only woman."

"No doubt. And now tell me about this girl."

"She is rich. To be rich is everything. Money makes an angel of every woman. When I was eighteen, and first met you, Alec, I was rich. Then you saw the wings sticking out visibly one on each shoulder, didn't you? They are gone now—at least," she looked over her shoulder, "I see them no longer."

"I heard she was rich. Where did the money come from?"

"It has been saving up for I don't know how long. The girl is only twenty-one, and she has about thirty thousand pounds, besides all kinds of precious things worth I don't know how much."

"Jagenel told me she was comfortably off—'comfortably,' he said—but—thirty thousand pounds!"

"The mere thought of so much makes your eyes glow quite poetically, Alec. Write a poem on thirty thousand pounds. Well, that is what she has, and all her own, without any

drawbacks: no nasty poor relations—no profligate brothers—to nibble and gnaw. She has not either brother or sister—an enviable lot when one has money. When one has no money a brother—a successful brother—might be useful."

"And how do you get on with her?"

"I think we do pretty well together. But my post is precarious."

"Why?"

"Because the young woman is pretty, rich, and masterful. It is a curious thing about women that the most masterful soonest find their master."

"You mean that she will marry?"

"If she gets engaged, being rich, she will certainly marry at once. Until she marries I believe we can get on together, because she is totally independent of me. This afternoon, for example, she has gone out to look at pictures somewhere, with a girl she has picked up somehow—a girl who writes."

"But, my dear Zoe, you must look after her. Don't let her pick up girls and make friendships. You are here to look after her. I hoped that you would gain her complete confidence—become indispensable to her."

"Oh! that is why you sent me here? Pray, my dear Alec, what can Armorel be to you?"

"Nothing, dear child," he replied, patting her soft hand, "that will bring any discord between you and me. But—make yourself indispensable and necessary to her."

"You will tell me, I dare say, presently, what you mean. But you don't know this young islander. Necessary to me she is, as you know. Necessary to her I shall never become. We have nothing in common. I can do nothing for her at all, except go out to theatres and concerts and things in the evening. Even then our tastes clash. I like to laugh; she likes to sit solemnly with big eyes staring—so—as if she was receiving inspiration. I like comic operas, she likes serious plays; I like dance music, she likes classical music; I like the fool's paradise, she likes—the other kind, where they all behave so well and are under no illusions. In fact, Armorel takes herself quite seriously all round. Of course, a girl with such a fortune can take herself anyhow she pleases."

"She knows how to dress, apparently. Most advanced girls disdain dress."

"But she is not an advanced girl. She is only a girl who knows a great deal. She is not in the least emancipated. Why, she still professes the Christian religion. She is just a girl who has set herself resolutely to learn all she can. She has been about it for five years. When she began, I understand that she knew nothing."



What she means to do with her knowledge I have not learned. She talks French and German and Italian. You have heard her play? Very well; you can't beat that. You shall see some of her drawings. They are rather in your style, I think. A highly cultivated girl. That is all."

"A female prig? A consciously superior person?"

"Not a bit. Rather humble-minded. But masterful and independent. Where she fails is, of course, in ordinary talk. She can't talk—she can only converse. She doesn't know the pictures and painters, and poets and novelists of the day—she doesn't know a single person in society. She doesn't know any personal history at all. And she doesn't care about any. That is Armored."

"I see," he replied thoughtfully. "Things will be difficult, I am afraid."

"What things? Oh! there is another point in which she differs from people of society."

"Yes?"

"When you and I, dear Alec, think and talk of people, we conclude that they are exactly like ourselves—do we not? Quite worldly and selfish, you know. Everyone with his little show to run for himself. Now, Armored, on the other hand, concludes that everyone is like—not us—but herself. Do you catch the difference? There is a difference, you know."

"Sometimes, Zoe, I seem not to understand you. But never mind. Under your influence."

"I have no influence at all with her. I never shall have."

"But, my dear Zoe, why are you here? I want you—I repeat—to exercise an overwhelming influence."

"Oh! It is impossible. Consider—you who know me so well—how can I influence a girl who is always seeking after great things? She wants everything noble and lofty and pure. She has what they call a great soul—and I—oh! Alec, you know that I belong to the infinitely little souls. There are a great, great number of us, but we are very contemptible."

"Let us think," he replied. "Let us contrive and devise some way."

"Enough about Armored. Tell me now about yourself."

"I am always the same."

"You have come, perhaps, this afternoon," she murmured softly, "to bring me some new hope—Oh! Alec—at last—some hope?"

"I have no new hope to give you, child."

Both sat in silence, looking into the firelight.

"It is seven years—seven years," said Zoe, "since I had my great quarrel with Philippa. She was eighteen then—and so was I—I charged her with throwing herself at your head, you know. So she did. So she does still. Why, the woman can't conceal, even now, that she loves you. I saw it in her eyes last night, I saw it in her attitude when she was talking to you. She swore after the row we had that she would never speak to me again. But you see she has broken that vow. I was eighteen then, and I was rich, a good deal richer than Philippa ever will be. When you and I became engaged I was twenty-one. That is four years ago, Alec. Yet, a year or two, and the girl you were—engaged to—will be thin and faded. For your sake, my dear boy, I hope that you will not keep her waiting very much longer before you present her to the world."

"My dear child, could I help the smash that came—the smash and scandal? When the whole town was ringing with your father's smash and his suicide, and the ruin of I don't know how many people, was that the moment for us to step forward and take hands before the world?"

"No, you certainly could not. As a man of the world, you would have been justified in breaking off the thing—especially as it was only a day or two old."

"I could not let you go, Zoe," he said, with a touch of real tenderness. "I was madly in love."

"I think you were, Alec. I really think that at the time you were truly and madly in love. Else you would never have done a thing of which you repented the next day."

"I have never repented, dear Zoe—never once."

"Perhaps you calculated that something would be saved out of the smash. Perhaps, for once in your life, you never calculated at all upon anything. Well—I consented to keep the thing a secret."

"You know that it was necessary."

"You said so. I obeyed. But four years—four years—and no prospect of a termination. Consider!" She pleaded as she had spoken before, in the same soft, caressing, murmuring tone.

"I do consider, Zoe. You can have your freedom again. I have no right."

"Nonsense! My freedom? It is your own that you want. My freedom?" she repeated, but without raising her voice.

"Mine? What could I do with it—now? Whither could I turn? Do not, I advise you, think that I will ever while I live restore your freedom to you."

"I spoke in your own interest, believe me."

"I am now what you have made me. You know what that is. You know what I was four years ago."

"I have advised you, it is true."

"No; you have led me. At the moment of my greatest trouble you made me break away from my own people, who were sorry for my misfortunes, and would have kept me among them in my own circle. There was no reason for me to leave them. The wreck of my father's fortune was not imputed to me. You persuaded me to assert my own independence, and to go upon the stage, for which I was as well fitted as for the kingdom of heaven."

"I hoped—I thought—that you would succeed."

"No; what you hoped and intended was to keep me in your power. You would not let me go, and you could not—or would not."

"Could not, my child. I could not."

"For four years I have endured the humiliations of the actress who is a failure and can only take the lowest parts. You know what I have endured, and yet—Oh! Alec, your love is, indeed, a noble gift! And now, for your sake, I am here, playing a part for you. I am the young widow of the man who never existed. I make up a hundred lies every day to a girl who believes every word—which makes it more disgraceful and more horrible. When one knows that she is disbelieved it is different."

"Zoe, you know my position."

"Very well, indeed. You live in a little palace. You keep your man-servant and your two horses. You go every day into some kind of good society."

"It is necessary: my position demands it."

"Your position, my friend, has nothing to do with it. If you stayed at home every evening just as many copies of your paper would be sold. You spend all this money on yourself, Alec, because you are a selfish person and indulgent, and because you like to make a great show of success."

"You do not understand."

"Oh, yes, I do! You paint lovely pictures, which you sell; you write admirable stories and excellent verses—at least, I suppose they are admirable and excellent. You put them into a paper which is your own."

"Yes—yes. But all these things leave me as poor as I was four years ago."

He got up and stood before the fire looking into it. Then he walked across to the window and gazed into the street. Then he returned and looked into the fire again. This restlessness may be a sign that something is on a man's mind.

"Zoe," he said at length, without looking at her, "your impatience makes you unjust. You do not understand. Things have come to a crisis."

"What kind of a crisis?"

"A financial crisis. I must have money."

"Then go and make it. Paint more pictures: write more poetry. Make money, as other men do. It is very noble and grand to pretend that you only work when you please; but it isn't business, and it isn't true."

"Again—you do not understand. I must have money in a short time, or else."

"Else—what may happen, Alec?" She leaned forward, losing her murmuring manner for the first time.

"I may—I must—become bankrupt. That to me signifies social ruin."

"You have something more to say. Won't you say it at once?"

"If I can get over this difficulty it will be all right—my anxieties over. I thought, Zoe, when I sent you here, that, with a girl rich, mistress of her own, of age, it would be easy for you to wind yourself into her confidence and borrow—or beg, or somehow get what I want out of her. To borrow would be best."

"How much do you want? Tell me exactly."

"I want, before the end of next month, about £3000. Say, £3500."

"That is a very large sum of money."

"Not to this girl. Make her lend it to you. Make up some story. Beg it or borrow it—and"—he laid his hand upon her shoulder, but she made no movement in reply—"Zoe—I swear—if you will do this for me, our long and weary waiting shall be at an end. I will acknowledge everything. I will give up this extravagant life: we will settle down like a couple of honest bourgeois—we will live over the shop if you like—that is, the publishing office of the paper." He took her hand and raised it to his lips, but she made no response.

"Would she ever get the money back again?"

"Perhaps. How can I tell?"

"Even for the bribe you offer, Alec, I am afraid I cannot do it."

"We will try together. We will lay ourselves out to attract the girl, to win her confidence. Consider. She is alone. She is in our hands."

"Yes, yes. But you do not know her. Alec, if I cannot succeed, what will you do?"

"I must look out for some girl with money and get engaged to her. The mere fact of an engagement would be enough for me."

"Yes," she said quickly, "it would have to be. Will you get engaged to—to Philippa?"

"No; Philippa will only have money at the death of her father and mother—not before. Philippa is out of the question."

"Is there nobody among all your fine friends who will lend you the money?"

"No one. We do not lend money to each other. We go on as if there were no money difficulties in the world, as well as no diseases, no old age, no dying. We do not speak of money."

"Friendship in society has its limits. Yes, I see. But can't you borrow it in the usual way of business people?"

"I should have to show books and enter into unpleasant explanations. You see, Zoe, the paper has got a very good name, but rather a small circulation. Everybody sees it, but very few buy it."

"And so you heard of Armored, and you thought that here was a chance. You say to me, in plain words: 'If you get this money, there shall be an end of the false position.' Is that so?"

"That is exactly what I do say and swear, Zoe. It is a very simple thing. You have only to persuade the girl to lend you this money, or to advance it, or to invest it by your agency—or something—a very simple and easy thing. You love me well enough to do me such a simple service."

"I love you well enough, I suppose," she replied sadly, "to do everything you tell me to do. A simple service! Only to deceive and plunder this girl, who believes us all to be honourable and truthful!"

"Oh, we shall find a way—some way—to pay her back. Don't be afraid. And don't go off into platitudes, Zoe—you are much too pretty—and when it is done, and you are openly, before the world."

"I know you well enough to know how much happiness to expect. I am a fool. All women are fools. Philippa is a fool. And I've set my foolish heart on—you. If I fail—if I fail"—her words sank to the softest and gentlest murmur—"you are going to cast about for an heiress, and you will get engaged to her, and then—then—we shall see, dear Alec, what will happen then." She sat up, her cheek fiery, and her eyes flashing, though her voice was so soft. "Hush!" she whispered.

"I hear Armored's step!"

They heard her voice as well outside, loud and clear.

"Come to my own room," she said. "What you want is there. This way."

"It is the girl with her—the girl who writes. They have gone into her own room—her boudoir—her study—where she works half the day. The girl lives with her brother, close by."

They listened, silent, with hushed breath, like conspirators.

"Poor Armored!" said Zoe. "If she only knew what we are plotting! She thinks me the most truthful of women! And all I am here for is to cheat her out of her money! Don't you think I had better make a clean breast and ask her to give me the money and let me go?"

"Begin to-day," said Alec. "Begin to talk about me. Interest her in me. Let her know how great and good."

"Hush!"

Then they heard her voice again in the hall.

"No—no—you must come this evening. Bring Archie with you. I will play, and he shall listen. You shall both listen. And then great thoughts will come to you."

"Always great thoughts—great thoughts—great pictures," Zoe murmured. "And we are so infinitely little. Brother worm, shall we crawl into some hole and hide ourselves?"

Then the door opened, and Armored herself appeared, fresh and rosy in spite of the cold wind.

"My dear child," said Zoe softly, looking up from her cushions, "come in and sit down. You must be perishing with the east wind. Do sit down and be comfortable. You met Mr. Feilding last night, I believe."

The visitor remained for a quarter of an hour. Armored had been to see a certain picture in the National Gallery. He talked of pictures just as the night before, he had talked of music: that is to say, as one who knows all the facts about the painters and their works and their schools: their merits and their defects. He knew and could talk fluently the language of the Art Critic, just as he knew and could talk the language of the Musical Critic. Armored listened. Now

and then she made a remark. But her manner lacked the reverence with which most maidens listened to this thrice-gifted darling of the Muses. She actually seemed not to care very much what he said.

Zoe, for her part, lay back in her cushions in silence.

"How do you like him?" she asked, when their visitor left them.

"I don't know; I haven't thought about him. He talks too much, I think. And he talks as if he was teaching."

"No one has a better right to talk with authority."

"But we are free to listen or not as we please. Why has he the right to teach everybody?"

"My dear child, Alec Feilding is the cleverest man in all London."

"He must be very clever then. What does he do?"

"He does everything—poetry, painting, fiction—everything!"

"Oh, you will show me his poetry, perhaps, some time? And his pictures I suppose we shall see in May somewhere. He doesn't look as if he was at all great. But one may be wrong."

"My dear Armored, you are a fortunate girl, though you do not understand your good fortune. Alec—I am privileged to call him Alec—has conceived a great interest in you. Oh, not of the common love kind, that you despise so much—nothing to do with your *beaux yeux*—but on account of your genius. He was greatly taken with your playing: if you will show him your pictures he will give you instruction that may be useful to you. He wants to know you, my dear."

"Well," said Armored, not in the least overwhelmed, "he can if he pleases, I suppose, since he is a friend of yours."

"That is not all: he wants your friendship as a sister in art. Such a man—such an offer, Armored, must not be taken lightly."

"I am not drawn towards him," said the girl. "In fact, I think I rather dislike his voice, which is domineering; and his manner, which seems to me self-conscious and rather pompous; and his eyes, which are too close together. Zoe, if he were not the cleverest man in London, I should say that he was the most crafty."

Zoe laughed. "What man discovers by experiment and experience," she murmured, incoherently, "woman discovers at a glance. And yet they say"—

## PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

### THE OTHER STUDIO.

The Failure was at work in his own studio. Not the large and lofty chamber fitted and furnished as if for Michael Angelo himself, which served for the Fraud. Not at all. The Failure did his work in a simple second-floor back, a chamber in a commonplace lodging-house of Keppel-street, Bloomsbury. Nowhere in the realms of Art was there a more dismal studio. The walls were bare, save for one picture which was turned round and showed its artistic back. The floor had no carpet; there was no other furniture than a table, strewn and littered with sketches, paints, palettes, brushes: there were canvases leaning against the wall: there was a portfolio also leaning against the wall: there was an easel and the man standing before it: and there was a single chair.

For three years Roland Lee had withdrawn from his former haunts and companions. No one knew now where he lived: he had not exhibited: he had resigned his membership at the club: he had gone out of sight. Many London men every year go out of sight. It is quite easy. You have only to leave off going to the well-known places of resort: very soon—so soon that it is humiliating only to think of it—men cease asking where you are: then they cease speaking of you: you are clean gone out of their memory—you and your works—it is as if the sea had closed over you. There is not left a trace or a sign of your existence. Perhaps, now and then, something may revive your name: some little adventure may be remembered: some frolic of youth—for the rest—nothing: Silence. Oblivion. It does, indeed, humiliate those who look on. When such an accident revived the memory of Roland Lee, one would ask another what had become of him. And no one knew. But, of course, he had gone down—down. When a man disappears it means that he sinks. He had gone out of sight: therefore he had gone under. Yet, when you climb, you can never get so high as to be invisible. Even the President, R.A., is not invisible. Again, the higher that a balloon soars the smaller does it grow; but the higher a man climbs up the Hill of Fame the bigger does he show. It is quite certain that when a man has disappeared he has sunk. The only question—and this can never be answered—is, what becomes of the men who sink? One man I heard of—also, like Roland, an artist—who has been traced to a certain tavern, where he fuddles himself every evening, and where you may treat with him for the purchase of his pictures at ten shillings—ay, or even five shillings—apiece. And two scholars—scholars gone under—I heard of the other day. They now reside in the same lodging-house. It is close to the Gray's Inn-road. One lives in the garret, and the other occupies the cellar. In the evening they get drunk together and dispute on points of the finer scholarship. But this only accounts for three. And where are all the rest?

Of Roland Lee nobody knew anything. There was no story or scandal attached to him: he was no drinker: he was no gambler: he was no profligate. But he had vanished.

Yet he had not gone far—only to Keppel-street, which is really a central place. Here he occupied a second floor, and lived alone. Nobody ever called upon him: he had no friends. Sometimes he sat all day long in his studio doing nothing: sometimes he went forth, and wandered about the streets: in the evening he dined at restaurants where he was certain to meet none of his old friends. He lived quite alone. As to that rumour concerning opium, it was an invention of his employer and proprietor. He did not take opium. Day after day, however, he grew more moody. What developments might have followed in this lonely life I know not. Opium, perhaps: whisky, perhaps: melancholia, perhaps. And from melancholia—Good Lord deliver us!

One thing saved him. The work which filled his soul with rage also kept his soul from madness. When the spirit of his Art seized him and held him he forgot everything. He worked as if he was a free man: he forgot everything, until the time came when he had to lay down his palette and to come back to the reality of his life. Some men would have accepted the position: there were, as we have seen, compensations of a solid and comfortable kind: had he chosen to work his hardest, these golden compensations might have run into four figures. Some men might have sat and laughed among their friends, forgetting the ignominy of their slavery. Not so Roland. His chains jangled as he walked; they cut his wrists and galled his ankles: they filled him with so much shame that he was fain to go away and hide himself. And in this manner he enjoyed the great success which his employer had achieved for his pictures. To arrive at the success for which you have always longed and prayed—and to enjoy it in such a fashion. Oh! mockery of fate!

This morning he was at work contentedly—with ardour. He was beginning a picture from one of his sketches: it was



to be another study of rocks and sea: as yet there was little to show: it was growing in his brain, and he was so fully wrapped in his invention that he did not hear the door open, and was not conscious that for the first time within three years he had a visitor.

She opened the door and stood for a moment looking about her. The bare and dingy walls, the scanty furniture, the meanness of the place, made her very soul sink within her. For they cried aloud the story of the painter.

For five long years she had thought of him. He was successful: he was rising to the top of the tree: he was conquering the world—so brave, so strong, so clever! There was no height to which he could not rise. She should find him splendid, triumphant, and yet modest—her old friend the same, but glorified. And she found him thus, in this dingy den—so low, so shabby! Consider, if she had risen while he was sinking, how great was now the gulf between them! Then she stepped into the room and stood beside the artist at his easel.

“Roland Lee,” she whispered.

He started, looked up, and recognised her. “Armored!” he cried.

Then, strange to say, instead of hastening to meet and greet her, and to hold out hands of welcome, he stood gazing at her stupidly, his face changing colour from crimson to white. His hair was unkempt, she saw; his cheeks worn; his eyes haggard, with deep lines round them; and his dress was shabby and uncared for.

“You have not forgotten me, then?” she said.

“Forgotten you? No. How could I forget you?”

“Then are you pleased to see me? Shake hands with me, Roland Lee.”

He complied, but with restraint. “Have you dropped from the clouds?” he asked. “How did you find me here?”

“I met your old friend Dick Stephenson. He told me that you lived here. You are no longer friends: but he has seen you going in and coming out. That is how I found you. Are you well, Roland?”

“Yes, I am well.”

“Does all go well with you, my old friend?”

“Why not? You see—I have got a magnificent studio: there is every outward sign of wealth and prosperity: and if you look into any art-criticisms you will find the papers ringing with my name.”

“You are changed.” Armored passed over the bitterness of this speech. “You are a little older, perhaps.” She did not tell him how haggard and worn he looked, how unkempt and unhappy.

“Let me see some of your work,” she said. The picture on the easel was only in its very first stage. She looked about the room. Nothing on the walls but one picture with its face turned round. “May I look at this?” She turned it round. It was the picture of herself, “The Princess of Lyonesse,” the sketch of which he had finished on the last day of his holiday. “Oh!” she cried, “I remember this. And you have kept it, Roland—you have kept it. I am glad.”

“Yes, I have kept the only picture which I can call my own.”

“Was I like that in those days?”

“You are like that now. Only the little Princess has become a tall Queen.”

“Yes, yes; I remember. You said, then, that if I should ever look like this, you would be proved to be a painter indeed. Roland, you are a painter indeed.”

“No, no,” he said; “I am nothing—nothing at all.”

“We were talking—when you made this sketch—of how one can grow to his highest and noblest.”

“I have grown to my lowest,” he replied. “But you—you—”

“What has happened, my friend? You told me so much once about yourself—you taught me so much—you put so many new things into my head—you must tell me more! What has happened?”

“Nothing.”

“Why are you here in this poor room? I have been to studios in Rome and Florence, and Paris and Vienna: they are lovely rooms, fit for a man whose mind is always full of lovely images and sweet thoughts. But this—this room is not a studio. It is an ugly little prison. How can light and colour visit such a place?”

“It explains itself. It proclaims aloud—Failure—Failure—Failure!”

“This picture is not Failure.”

“My name is unknown. I work on like a mole under ground. I am a Failure. You have seen Dick Stephenson. What did he say of me?”

“He said that you must have left off working. But you have not.”

“What does it matter how much or how long a Failure goes on working?”

“Have you lost heart, Roland?”

“Heart, and hope, and faith. Everything is lost, Armored!”

“You have lost your courage because you have failed. But many men have failed at first—great men. Robert Browning failed for years. You were brave once, Roland. You were able to say that if you knew you were doing good work you cared nothing for the critics.”

“You see, Dick was right. I no longer do any work. I never send anything to the exhibitions.”

“But why—why—why?”

“Ask me no more questions, Armored. Go away and leave me. How beautiful and glorious you have grown, child! But I knew you would. And I have gone down so low, and—and—well, you see! Yes. I remember how we talked of growing to our full height. We did not think, you see, of the depths to which we might also drop. There are awful depths, which you could never guess.”

He sank into the chair, and his head dropped.

Armored stood over him, the tears gathering into her eyes.

“Roland,” she laid her hand upon his shoulder—there is no action more sisterly—“since I have found you I shall not let you go again. It is five years since you went away. You will tell me about yourself, when you please. I have a great deal to tell you. Don’t you remember how sympathetic you used to be in the old days? I want a great deal more sympathy now, because I am five years older, and I am trying so much. I want you to hear me play—you were the first who ever praised my playing, you know. And you must see my drawings. I have worked every day, as I promised you I would. I have remembered all your instructions. Come and see your pupil’s work, my master.”

He made no reply.

“You live too much alone,” she went on. “Dick Stephenson told me that you have given up your club, and that you go nowhere, and that no one knows how or where you live. You have dropped quite away from your old friends. Why did you do that? You live in this dismal room by yourself—alone with your thoughts: no wonder you lose courage and faith.” She opened the portfolio and drew out a number of the sketches. “Why,” she said, “here are some of those you made with me. Here is Castle Bryher—you in the boat, and I on the ledge

among the seaweed under the great rock—and the shags in a row on the top: and here is Porth Cressa—and here Peninnis—and here Round Island. Oh! we have so many things to talk about. Will you come to see me?”

“You had better leave me alone, Armored,” he said. “Even you can do no good to me now.”

“When will you come? See—I will write down my address. I have a flat, and it is ever so much better furnished than this, Sir. Will you come to-night? I shall be at home. There will be no one but Effie Wilmot. Oh! I am not going to talk about you, but about myself. I want your praise, Roland, and your sympathy. Both were so ready—once. Will you come to-night?”

“You will drive me mad, I think, Armored!”

“Will you come?”

He shook his head.

“I have got to tell you how I became rich, if you will listen. You must come and hear my news. Why, there is no one but you in all London who knew me when I lived on Samson alone with those old people. You will come to-night, Roland?” Again she laid her hand upon his shoulder. “I will ask no questions about you—none at all. You will tell me what you please about yourself. But you must let me talk to you about myself, as frankly as in the old days. If you have got any kindly memory left of me at all, Roland, you will come.”

He rose and lifted his shameful eyes to hers, so full of pity and of tears.

“Yes,” he said; “I will do whatever you tell me.”

(To be continued.)

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to Joseph Watson, master of the steam trawler Heron, of Liverpool; and their bronze medal for gallantry, and sums of money, to James Kilby, second hand, and William G. Payne, deck hand, of that vessel, in recognition of their services in rescuing, under circumstances of much risk and difficulty, the shipwrecked crew of the barque Latona, of Liverpool, which was wrecked off the Tuskar on Jan. 18.

#### ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN APRIL.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon will be near Saturn during the night of the 1st. The planet passes the Meridian on this evening at 9h 21m p.m., and the Moon 18 minutes later; she sets on the morning of the 2nd at 5h 3m a.m. The Moon rises on the 8th at 10h 44m p.m., and will be near and to the right of Mars throughout the night; she passes the Meridian, or is due south on the morning of the 9th, at 3h 9m a.m., and the planet 24 minutes later. The Moon rises on the 9th at a little after midnight, and will be near and to the left of Mars during the morning hours of the 10th; he passes the Meridian on this morning at 3h 30m a.m., and the Moon 35 minutes later. On the morning of the 13th the Moon will rise at 3h 4m a.m., and will afterwards be a little to the right of Jupiter. On the morning of the 14th she rises at 3h 42m a.m., and she will be near Jupiter, but situated to his left. On the morning of the 20th she is near both Mercury and Venus. The Moon rises at 5h 49m a.m., and she is near Saturn a second time this month on the 28th; she is a little higher in the heavens than Saturn, and they will be on the Meridian together at 7h 33m p.m.; she will then pass to the left of Saturn, and the Moon will set on the 29th, at 3h 8m a.m. Her phases or times of change are:—

Full Moon on the	5th at 24 minutes after	9h in the morning.
Last Quarter	12th	53 “ morning.
New Moon	19th	6 “ morning.
First Quarter	27th	52 “ morning.

She is nearest to the Earth on the 13th, and most distant from it on the 26th.

Mercury at the beginning of the month rises a few minutes before the Sun; on the 11th he sets at 7h p.m., or 14 minutes after the Sun; on the 16th at 7h 44m p.m., or 49 minutes after sunset; on the 21st at 8h 26m p.m., or 1h 22m after sunset; on the 26th at 9h 3m p.m., or 1h 50m after the Sun; and on the last day he sets at 2h 5m after the Sun. He is in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 9th; in ascending node on the 14th; in perihelion on the 18th; near the Moon on the 20th; and near Venus on the 26th.

Venus sets on the 2nd at 7h 31m p.m., or 58 minutes after the Sun; on the 12th at 8h 3m p.m., or 1h 15m after the Sun; and on the 22nd at 8h 36m p.m., or 1h 30m after the Sun. She is near the Moon on the 20th, and in ascending node on the 25th.

Mars rises on the 2nd at 11h 46m p.m., on the 12th at 11h 18m p.m., and on the 22nd at 10h 43m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 8th, stationary among the stars on the 22nd, and in descending node on the 23rd.

Jupiter rises on the 1st at 3h 37m a.m., or 2h 1m before the Sun; on the 11th at 3h 1m a.m., or 2h 14m before the Sun; and on the 21st at 2h 25m a.m., or 2h 30m before the Sun. He is near the Moon on the 13th.

Saturn sets on the 2nd at 4h 37m a.m., or 59 minutes before sunrise; on the 12th at 3h 57m a.m., or 1h 16m before sunrise; and on the 22nd at 3h 18m a.m., or 1h 35m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 1st and again on the 28th, and stationary among the stars on the 29th.

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### SECOND NOTICE.

The members of the Institute are fortunate in counting among their number some of the successful figure-painters of the day, and the prominence accorded to this style of work is doubtless in great measure due to the President’s preference. Whether the high esteem in which his method of painting is held may not lead younger and less experienced artists to abuse the resources of body-colour, is another matter. We confess, for our own part, a certain regret at seeing this process so freely adopted; but, so long as Sir James Linton sets the example, it is idle to suppose that the protests of outsiders will produce effect. Of the President’s own work—three single figures—we have already spoken; of the only member of the Institute who at all challenges comparison with the chief’s work, Mr. E. J. Gregory, neither “Æsthetic Amenity” (302) nor “A Step on the Stairs” (322) will do much to reverse their respective positions. Mr. Gregory’s work is not wanting in a certain flashiness, akin to brilliancy, but it lacks altogether the solid qualities and the harmonising touches which hold together Sir J. Linton’s least-finished and most gaudy figure-studies. Mr. Carlton Smith’s “Flowers that Fade” (106), as a matter of colour, is more attractive; and the girl in red, arranging the bright flowers, is elegantly posed and skilfully drawn. Miss Kate Greenaway’s portrait of a little boy (145) is a curious instance of how little suited to portraiture are this artist’s well-recognised powers; while comparison between the same lady’s “An Angel Visited the Green Earth” (155) and Mr. W. G. Collingwood’s “Dorothy’s Dream” (152), a girl walking among gravestones pursued by bats in the shape of cherubs—or cherubs in the form of bats—is refreshing evidence that in imaginative work Miss Kate Greenaway can more than hold her own. Another lady artist, Miss Florence Reason, contributes a single portrait study (252) in which we recognise more than usual signs of promise, while of her actual achievement we can speak in the highest terms. There is a vigour in her touch and a brightness in her colouring which betoken a confidence in her own powers which ought to produce still better results. Both of Mr. Walter Langley’s contributions are studies of single figures, although with surroundings which practically bring them into the category of *genre* works. “Alone” (387) is the picture of an old woman seated on the window-settle of her deserted cottage—pausing from the round of daily toil, and thinking of the days and of the loved ones that are no more. In a way, it is the close of the life of which we see the midday in “Knitting” (741). Both are painted with a broad brush, and with skilfully arranged backlight, so as to throw more shadow into the faces; and both, it may be added, belong to a school of healthy sentiment, of which the “New Quay” painters have proclaimed themselves champions.

Passing to the more complex subjects, we find, as usual, that humorous art has its recognised place at the Institute. One of the most successful works of the exhibition is Mr. Charles Green’s “Pickwick Club” (435), of which we find the members raised above the level of mere caricature, and depicted as respectable but probably dull British tradesmen and small gentry. Apart from the technical excellence of the work, which can hardly be overpraised, we think a debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Green for having rescued Mr. Pickwick and his friends from the depths to which Seymour’s drawings had consigned them. Mr. Charles Green’s “John Gilpin” (282) is another clever—but less successful—work. More ambitious in its aim, but necessarily less complete in its execution, is Mr. M’Iver Grierson’s “Dancing Lesson” (678), given in a garret by a street columbine to her poodle, while the father in his clown’s dress is looking on with a critical eye. The strength with which the girl in her spangled muslin dress is suiting “action to the word and word to action” is full of spirit, while the poor dog’s look of earnest endeavour to please his mistress is quite touching. Mr. Edgar Bundy’s “His Last Descendant” (608), an old man nursing a young child, is not less ambitious, but it is far less successful. Attention is distracted from the main idea by the mass of superfluous detail, and the eye wanders over the canvas searching in vain for a spot free from ornament on which to rest. Another of the younger aspirants to notice, Mr. Fred. Evans, contributes a lively scene, “When Jack’s at Home” (625), of which the idea is better than the execution, although we recognise the spirit with which the figure of the dancing sailor is treated. No exhibition of the Institute would be complete without a study of eighteenth-century village life by Mr. Frank Dadd, and his contribution this year, “Hawks Abroad” (302), is composed of much the same materials as have served him to good purpose on previous occasions. We have the taproom of the village inn, the careless man of fashion in full riding costume, and in the background two stock villains—bailiffs or highwaymen, as the spectator may spell the story before him. Highwaymen are also very dear to Mr. J. C. Dollman, and even if “Hawks dinna Pike out Hawks’ Een” (427) they can wear a very disappointed look when they come face to face after careful manoeuvring. Mr. Dollman is, perhaps, more successful in his horses than in their riders; at all events, he finds more variety in the attitudes of the former than in the faces of the latter. Mr. H. R. Steer’s rendering of “Goldsmith’s Social Gatherings in Green Arbour Court” (452) almost touches on the pathetic; while Miss Beatrice Meyer’s “Dramatic Recital” (782) comes very close to the border-line of historic *genre*—the subject being Mrs. Siddons before George III. and the members of his family and household: an excellently arranged picture, in which the likenesses have been preserved with remarkable fidelity. Still more soaring is Mr. W. B. Wollen’s “Capture of the French Guns at Waterloo” (71), in which the central figure of a galloping dragoon shows very great spirit. Mention should also be made of Mr. Otto Sinding’s “Fugitives” (212); Miss Demair Hammond’s “Waiting for the Procession” (276), a clever decorative work, in the style of Mr. Alma-Tadema; and the “Harvest Festival” (335), another, but less pleasing, example of the same lady’s powers; Mr. John Scott’s “Claudia and her Ravens” (249), in which the birds are especially good; Mr. W. W. Collins’s “B.C. 85” (559), a study of ancient Britons assembled round the Druid’s grove; Mr. Hugh Carter’s “Old Age” (591); and Mr. Hector Calhieri’s “Fish Market” (767), a bright and busy scene, caught with much skill and freshness of style. Mr. W. Simpson’s view of “Jerusalem” is characteristic and truthful.

It would be unfair to close this notice without a word of general praise of the flower-pieces and still-life studies, of which several are far above the level. Specially would we mention the various works of Madame De Landerset, Mrs. Duffield’s “Pink Roses” (219), Miss Melicent Grove’s “Prim-roses” (322), showing what wealth of colour there is to be found in these simple flowers; and Miss S. A. Wheeler’s “Laughing Kingfisher of Australia” (473), a very remarkable study of plumage.

Here we conclude our notice of an exhibition which, if wanting in any very special features, maintains the reputation of the Institute, as the representative of much careful work among English water-colour artists.





TRINGGANU, THE SEAT OF THE SULTAN OF TRINGGANU.

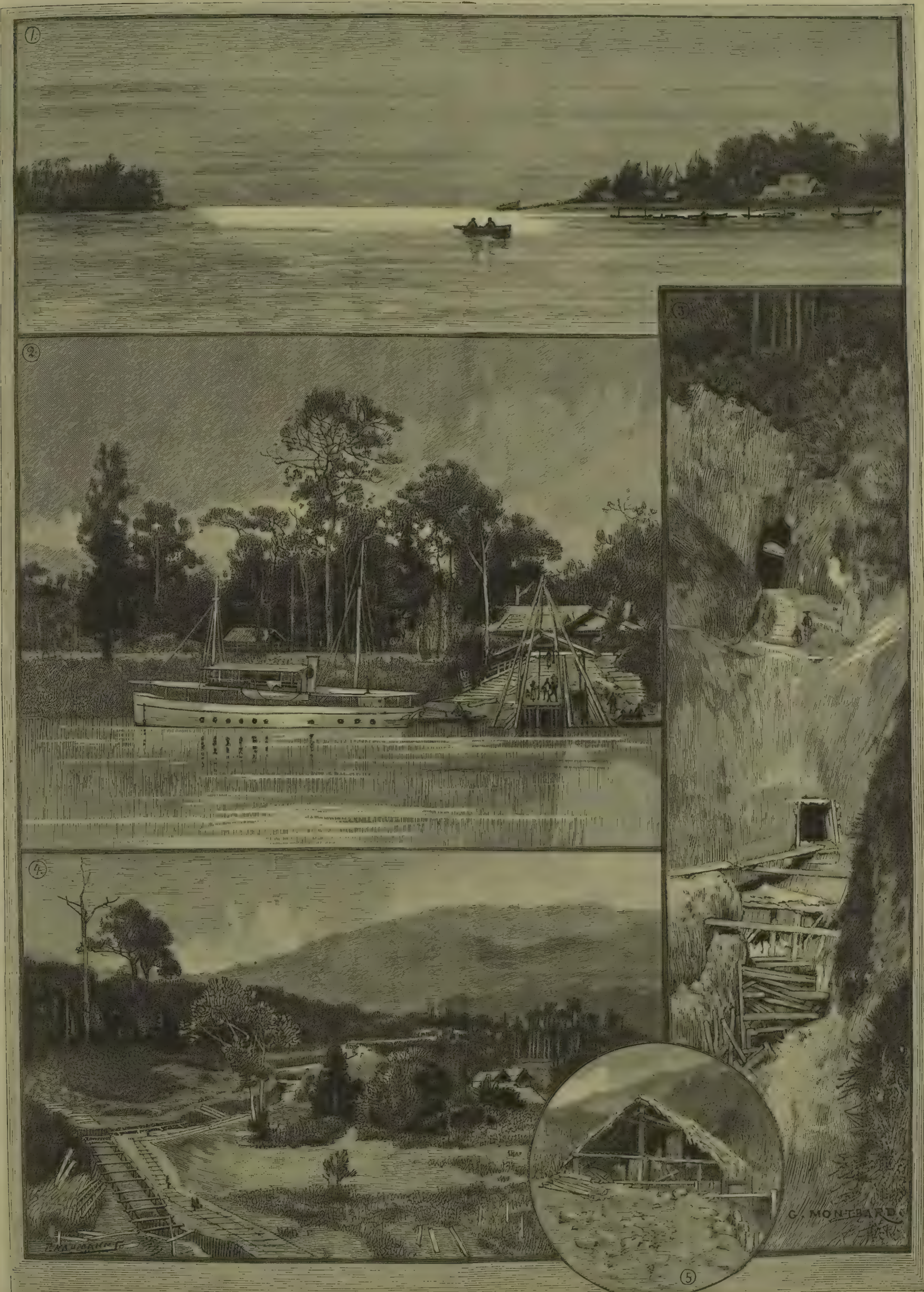


G. MONTBARD.

THE PEKAN, SEAT OF THE SULTAN OF PAHANG.

MINING OPERATIONS IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.





1. Entrance to the Kuantan River, where the Pahang Corporation are working.

2. Batu Sawah, the landing-stage sixteen miles up the Kuantan.

3. Campbell's Tin Lode (Pahang Corporation), showing ancient workings.

4. Sungai Lembing District, where the Pahang Corporation are working their mines.

5. Native Chinese Tin-Stamping Mill, on the Kuantan.



## THE PAHANG ENTERPRISE IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

The Straits of Malacca, the British Colonies of Penang and Province Wellesley, Malacca, and Singapore with its great maritime traffic, also the fertile territories of Perak and Selangore, under a British Protectorate, are known to most readers. Those colonies and provinces are situated on the western coast of the Malay Peninsula; but on its eastern side, from south to north, are the native States of Johore, Pahang, Tringganu, Kuantan, and Patani, some parts of which present an inviting field of enterprise. A company styled "The Pahang Corporation" has been formed to undertake the development of the resources of about 2000 square miles of Pahang, rich in tin lodes and fertile valleys, with the assent of the native ruler; the mining and other operations which have been commenced promise a good return for capital; and our Illustrations will have some interest for those who look to Eastern Asia from a practical point of view.

One Illustration is that of the capital of the State of Tringganu, a very large Malay town, where the Sultan resides; he is tributary to the King of Siam, to whom he periodically presents the customary "Bungah Mas." Nothing has yet been done in his country. Another View is that of the capital of Pahang, which has recently undergone great improvements. The large building in the centre is the Sultan's palace, in which the British Resident has dwelt since October 1888.

The entrance to the Kuantan River, where a British magistrate, with a staff of police, is stationed, is the subject of one of these Views. A small town has, during the last twelve months, sprung up here, which promises to excel in size and prosperity similar towns in the protected native states on the western side of the Peninsula, owing to its unique physical advantages compared with the other ports on this coast. It is part of the property of the Pahang Corporation. The Kuantan is a very large river; and steamers of the description seen in our Illustration can ascend this river sixteen miles, to a place known as Batu Sawah. Between Batu Sawah and the sea there are extensive tracts of rich alluvial soil, portions of which have been utilised by the natives for their paddy crops; but the greater part still remains uncultivated, ready for profitable development by agricultural skill.

One of the numerous well-known tin lodes, which the Pahang Corporation is now developing, is also represented. The excavation that is here shown has been made by Chinese miners, with primitive implements and without the aid of any explosive. From that excavation very large quantities of tin-stone have been extracted, and have been stamped in the mill that is shown among our Illustrations. This mill is of a very primitive description, consisting merely of a small water-wheel propelled by the water which is directed to it by means of an outlet from the main river. It works very small stamps, of the pattern usually employed in the dressing of rice. The Sungei Lembing district, where the Pahang Corporation are now developing their valuable tin deposits, is especially worthy of attention. The hills in the Illustration are composed of slate, overlying granite, and contain the tin lodes. Our Illustration gives a faint idea of the amount of preliminary work which has to be performed by the Corporation before attacking the lodes. The railway and water course traverse the whole district shown in this view, and are continued two miles farther up the valley.

## THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

In spite of Charles Kingsley's song in welcome of the wild north-easter, which repaid its poet by killing him, I venture to submit that there is little to be said in its favour. It is a wind without compunction, without solace, without inspiration. It has not a kind breath for anyone, its voice is harsher than a raven's, and so far from being the "wind of God," as its poet declares—but we know on good authority that poetry is "a feigned thing"—it is the wind of Death. Talk of its "bracing brain and sinew!" it would be far truer to say that it is the source of lethargy and incapacity. The nimblest intellect loses some of its power when this foe to man and beast sweeps through the streets and over the country, destroying the buds of spring and maltreating the virginal beauty of the year.

There is something malicious and sly about it. Though chiefly fond of grey weather, gloom being congenial to its nature, the north-east wind appears to sleep for the nonce when a March sun is shining brilliantly. Then invalids, who have long been prisoners to this wind, steal out again into the open air, thankful to have escaped, as they suppose, from the least compassionate of jailers. But he has his eye upon them all the time, and suddenly sweeps upon his victims when they least expect such a visitor, and folds them in his cruel embrace. It is bad enough to nip buds, but to nip young lives is worse, and this is the pleasant occupation of the north-east wind. The surly fellow has some taste, unfortunately, and generally selects the loveliest flowers of the field, both vegetable and human. What a pity that this wind, to quote a word of Shelley's, is "unbodied," otherwise it might be possible to vent our spleen upon it more forcibly than in words. When Wordsworth wrote of "sorrow's keenest wind," don't we all know whence he borrowed the metaphor? And doubtless Shakspeare thought of this wind too when he said that its tooth was not so keen as man's ingratitude, which is saying almost too much in its favour. But what an impression he conveys of the placid loveliness of the daffodil, that even "takes the winds of March with beauty"! And this reminds me that there are some people in the world so sweet-tempered as to make the best of everything: a north-east wind sweeping by them in all its strength does not disturb the serenity of their spirits.

It is otherwise with most of us. We suffer in the eager air and endure as best we may, but we do suffer, and sigh vainly for that ethereal mildness of spring which comes only at rare intervals before "Winter slumbers in the lap of May."

The evils inflicted by Kingsley's favourite wind are sometimes serious, and always vexatious. How, for instance, it irritates the liver! A Magistrate or a Judge troubled by that organ runs the risk of passing an unnecessarily harsh sentence when a north-easter is blowing. And what chance has an author if his book fall into a critic's hands with the wind in that quarter? Then, too, the peace of family life is liable to be strangely disturbed. Everyone feels discontented; there is the lack of sweetness and light, and one's strongest impulse is to contradict whatever may be said, and to sneer at whatever is done. It becomes impossible to take a cheerful view of life. We are afraid to look into our bank-books, to face our bills, to undertake the slightest responsibility. We recall old troubles, and the ghosts of the past rise up to worry us; we torment ourselves uselessly about past blunders, and ask why we did this thing and didn't do the other, until we become thoroughly uncomfortable.

I have a fancy that Schopenhauer, the archpriest of pessimism, a man who loved neither his country nor his kind, must have been born and bred under this depressing influence. According to his biographer, he considered the world filled

with beings morally and intellectually contemptible, from whom he must keep apart; he was utterly careless of the feelings of others; he was easily angered, suspicious, and irritable. "It is safer trusting fear than faith," was one of his favourite quotations. The slightest noise at night made him start and seize the pistols that always lay ready loaded. He would never trust himself under the razor of a barber, and he fled from the mere mention of an infectious disease."

Here we see, if my theory be a correct one, the irritating power of the elements on an egotistical philosopher, who was as timorous as an hysterical woman, and despised everybody but himself. Don't let us blame this sour philosopher, but let us rather ascribe his perversities to a power against which he could not fight. Is this an unreasonable suggestion? Astrologers declared a man's state in life to be dependent on the position of the heavenly bodies at the time of his birth, and it is surely just as reasonable to cast a horoscope from the winds as from the stars!

Let me return from this digression to what may be less open to discussion. My readers will at least admit that I have neither exaggerated the unpleasant ways of this enemy to comfort, nor "set down naught in malice." They will admit that the north-east wind divides families, encourages bad temper, upsets the liver, causes melancholy, and is the frequent cause of bronchitis, pleurisy, and all lung diseases. No doubt it blows some folk good, or it would be intolerable. It is this wind that forces frail Englishmen and women to spend the winter and spring in Italy and the Riviera; it is this wind that brings a winter harvest to towns and villages in Devonshire and Cornwall; it is this wind that sometimes stops the mouths of orators who have talked too much already; it is this wind that tests a man's patience; and it is this wind that puts money into the pockets of doctors and undertakers. What did Shakspeare mean by talking of the "idle wind"? This north-easter, which makes me shiver as I write, is busy enough with a vengeance!

J. D.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

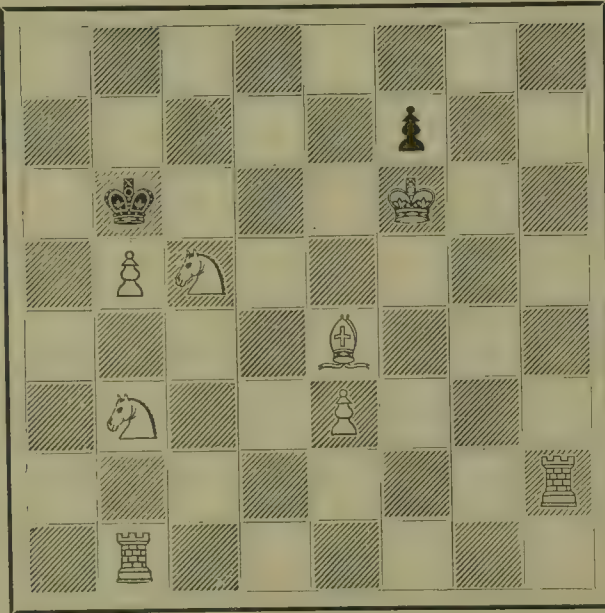
R F N B (Birkenhead).—Have you not overlooked the fact that in No. 2397 the move of the Black King discovers check?  
F N BRAUND.—Acceptable, as usual.  
G A CLOVES (Iowa, U.S.A.).—Yes. Mate on the second move to an imperfect defence is quite legitimate in three-movers. Your solution of No. 2392 is correct.  
REV A B S.—We will do all that our limited space permits.  
W BARRETT.—Your problem has a nice first move, but the afterplay is heavy. We shall give it, however, further consideration.  
P H WILLIAMS.—Is there not also a solution by B to R 4th?  
CARSLAKE W WOOD.—Many thanks; it is doubtless correct, and shall have early attention. We are glad to hear that the Plymouth Club is prospering so well.  
J W SHAW (Montreal).—Shall appear at as early a date as possible.  
W DONALDSON (Boschlof, Orange Free State).—The first impression of your two-mover is favourable. We could not pronounce on the other point without careful examination.  
G C HRYWOOD.—Additional batch to hand. We will write to you shortly.  
AN OLD LADY (Paterson).—The defence is B takes Kt.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2395.—By L. DESANGES.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 7th. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

### PROBLEM NO. 2399.

By J. PIERCE, M.A.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

### CHESS IN LONDON. Game played between Messrs. POLLOCK and LOMAN. (Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. K takes Kt	P takes K 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	18. P to K R 4th	P takes B
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th	19. P takes P	
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	Q takes P would, of course, lose the Kt.	
6. P to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	19. P takes P	
7. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	20. R to R sq	P to B 3rd
8. B to K 2nd	B takes Kt	21. Q R to K Kt sq	Q to K 5th (ch)
9. P takes B	P to Q 4th	22. K to B sq	R takes P (ch)
10. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	23. K takes R	R to B sq (ch)
11. Castles	Castles	24. K to K sq	Kt takes P
12. B to Q 3rd	B to B 4th	25. K to Q sq	R to B 7th
13. B takes B	Kt takes B	26. R to B sq	R takes Kt
14. Kt to B 3rd	Q R to Q sq	27. R to B 8th (ch)	

So far the game has been steadily opened on both sides.  
15. Kt to K 2nd Kt to R 5th  
Threatening to win the Queen and mate.  
16. B to Kt 5th  
Some lively play results from this. Kt to B 4th would lead to the loss of a piece for White.  
A merely desperate effort to draw by perpetual check.  
27. K takes R  
28. Q to Kt 4th (ch) K to Kt sq  
29. R to R 8th (ch) K takes R  
30. Q to B 8th (ch) K to R 2nd  
31. P to Kt 6th (ch) Q takes P  
And White resigns.

The annual match between the St. George's Chess Club and the City of London Chess Club will come off this year in the latter part of May or early in June. The match will be played at the West-End, the St. George's Club making all arrangements.

A return match between the City of London Chess Club (second team) and the Kent County Chess Association came off at the City Club on March 19, and resulted in a win for the City by 8 games to 7. Kent was five men short, but the games of the absentees were not claimed.

Chess Telegraphic Codes. By Edwyn Anthony, M.A. (London: Waterlow and Sons, Limited).—These are devised to reduce the cost of telegraphing chess games by one half; that is to say, two moves can be sent at the present cost of one. The method is ingenious, but the want proposed to be supplied can scarcely be called a felt one. Until it is, we are afraid Mr. Anthony's work is love's labour lost.

An exhibition of simultaneous play was given at the Cyprus Restaurant, on March 8, by Dr. J. W. Hunt, President of the North London Chess Club. His opponents were eighteen members of the newly formed Cyprus Club, and against these he won eight, drew five, and lost five.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

### "THEREBY HANGS A TAIL."

Among the questions which modern science appears to be busily engaged in asking its votaries to answer at the present time, is one of singularly interesting nature concerned with the inheritance of artificially produced conditions and mutilations. Dr. Weismann has raised a whole storm of criticism and comment on account of his bold statement that such injuries are never, by any chance, transmitted from parent to offspring, either in man or in lower animals. So emphatic is he on this point that he will not hear of anyone suggesting even the possibility of such an occurrence. There has long been a popular belief, of course, that the injuries or accidents of a parent (and especially of a mother) are liable to be reproduced in the children, and many marvellous stories are to be met with in support of this view in the folk-lore and records of every country. But stories related by the people are one thing, while exact verified scientific recitals belong to quite another category. What satisfies the popular mind—unaccustomed, as a rule, to weigh evidence and incompetent to judge of the relative merits of testimony—and what alone, on the other hand, can impress the scientist as worthy to be ranked and regarded as a fact, are two very different matters. Hence, because some condition or appearance is seen in an animal which strongly suggests the handing down from its parents of some acquired injury or defect, the popular understanding is given to accept the explanation of inheritance as the only and correct road out of the difficulty. Not an old woman in any part of the country exists who cannot tell one of many cases (both in human and in animal experience) in which an accident to the parent has been followed by the reproduction of the injury in the offspring. Indeed, the explanation is so terribly simple, that the very ease with which it is made and offered suggests a very close examination of the so-called proofs. Such examination is often very disastrous to the theory of the handing-on of acquired mutilations and injuries; and so science has come to regard this commonplace explanation as altogether vain.

Against the theory of the people, if we may so term it, that the injuries of the parent may be, and often are, transmitted to the progeny, a vast body of facts may be offered by way of contrary argument. Thus Professor Weismann has experimental evidence to produce in the first instance; and although we must, like Oliver Twist, "ask for more," before the question can be regarded as having been decided on this point alone, yet the experience in question is instructive enough in its way. Dr. Weismann, wishing to test the theory he has been criticising, imitated in practice the well-known nursery rhyme, and snipped off the tails from a number of white mice. These creatures, as everyone knows, are singularly prolific, and, as they breed rapidly, they presented favourable subjects for testing the reliability of the idea that the parental mutilation would be transmitted to the progeny. Family after family of mice was produced, and as regularly were the members "docked" in the matter of their tails. If the popular notion was to be regarded as correct, a race of tailless white mice should have been produced; for Dr. Weismann's labours extended over fifteen months, in the course of which five generations of mice had been born, including no less than 901 young. Now, all the mice continued to be born in the most aggravating manner, with the long tails proper to the race. Not a tail was absent, and certainly not a tail was seen to be even shortened. It might, however, be somewhat rash, I admit, to conclude from the above experiment that it is absolutely impossible to produce in the young animal the malformations of the parent. We must bear in mind that Nature presents to us a very complex series of conditions in the way of life and its laws; and it may well be that in our experiments we are not always able to imitate perfectly and exactly the conditions under which the handing down of parental injuries may alone be possible. I do not for a moment question Dr. Weismann's success with the white mice and their tails: I only suggest that it is possible we do not know as yet the precise conditions under which injuries and mutilations can be transmitted—if they can be made to appear in the offspring at all. It may be that the experiment has not been long enough conducted, or that the period of "docking" the tails was not that which favoured the transmission of the mutilation; or it may be that in one race of animals it is difficult or impossible to effect an experiment such as in another species can be more or less readily brought about. These are all mere suggestions only; but they will certainly occur to the mind of the impartial observer, and are summed up in the inquiry, whether in our experiments we have hitherto hit upon the precise conditions under which injuries and mutilations can easily, or indeed alone, be handed on.

Dr. Weismann tells us another very interesting story of the history of a Manx, or tailless, cat. Once upon a time I possessed a very fine specimen of a Manx cat, which rejoiced in the name of "Taily." He was born when I was a very small boy, and died at the age of seventeen or eighteen years. His mother was an old favourite of ours, which had been procured as a kitten from a travelling showman. As the showman was French, he dubbed the kitten "Ecosais" (on account of his sojourn in Scotland, I presume); and as "Cossy" the mother-cat was accordingly known. 'Cossy possessed a remarkably long tail, and there were certainly no Manx cats whatever in our neighbourhood; yet there appeared in a litter of 'Cossy's kittens (on one occasion only) a tailless cat, which was saved from a watery grave by the want of a caudal appendage (upon slight things our fate may hang!), and which grew up into my feline friend Taily. All the Manx characters were faithfully reproduced in this cat. He had the relatively longer hind legs of the true breed, and so marked was this peculiarity that persons on seeing Taily run for the first time used to remark on the likeness of his gait to that of a hare. If anyone asks me how I account for a Manx cat appearing among the progeny of my tailed 'Cossy, I should be inclined to say that it was a case of "reversion," and was due to some old strain of Manx blood cropping out in the mother or father. Just as the egg of a domesticated pigeon will occasionally hatch out into a "rock," because that wild pigeon was the progenitor of our bred races, so in Taily's father or mother the Manx ancestry was liable to appear. This, however, is an illustration of a natural law of inheritance, and not one of transmission of an artificially produced docking of the tail. Now, to Dr. Weismann was sent a kitten with a shortened tail, which had formed one of a naturally tailed family born at Waldkirch. As in my cat's case, the father of the family could not be identified, and the mother, like 'Cossy, possessed a tail of perfectly normal length. Yet, after much research, it was discovered that a Manx male cat had actually resided at Waldkirch, and was doubtless the parent of tailless kittens which had now and then appeared in the litters produced at that place. The case was not one of inherited mutilation, but of direct transmission of natural characters; and this, of course, is a widely different thing from the supposition that a cat which had lost its tail by an accident had handed on its lopped character to its descendants.

ANDREW WILSON.



## MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

## THE SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.

This society, which has now reached its thirty-fifth year of existence shows, notwithstanding its advanced age, no symptoms of infirmity or decay. In its new gallery (Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly) it still serves as the meeting-place for the works of both mature and rising painters; and the exhibition is one which should from its very nature commend itself to the notice and support of many readers of this Journal.

Although the aim of the Council has been to preserve a certain balance between paintings in oils and those in water colour, it is obvious from the proportion exhibited on the walls that water colours as a medium are either best suited to or most appreciated by lady artists. Even Miss M. E. Osborn, who has achieved a reputation elsewhere, shows how much more water colours are adaptable to her art—for there is not a moment's hesitation needed to decide between the rival claims of a "Pause in the Dance" (341), the figure of a Moorish girl leaning against a column, and the fine moonlight effect of "San Giorgio" (534), the picturesque watch-tower of the inner lagoons.

Beginning, therefore, with the water colours, we notice first Miss E. C. Hayter's "Worth Forests" (2), a pleasant midsummer effect, in the bright light of which her carefully painted foliage shows to advantage. Miss Freeman Kempson also has an excellent idea of aerial perspective in her view of "Snowdon" (12), from Llyn Lyddaw; and Miss Partridge finds in the Belgian artists' retreat of "La Roche" (29) a pleasing reminiscence of the "Forest of Arden." Miss O'Hara seeks endless variety in stormy seas, and her study of boisterous weather on "A Dangerous Coast" (55) is full of movement and truthful drawing; while Miss L. Rayner shows similar fidelity to architectural subjects, among which her "Bootham" (106), with the towers of York Minster rising above the houses, and Miss M. Rayner's study of the same cathedral (56), deserve mention. Miss K. Macaulay has adopted a somewhat different style, and exhibits two or three drawings which, although almost monochromes, are so full of light and shade as to make one ever regret the absence of her more usual treatment of river scenery. Her most successful works in this line are "Coming up with the Tide" (67) and "Old Putney Bridge" (180). Before leaving the water colours, we gladly call attention to Miss Middleton's "In the New Forest" (23), Miss Ellen Bowyer's "Welsh Cottage" (77), Miss Lota Bowen's cleverly painted figure "Wounded" (98), Madame Giampietri's marble reliefs, "In the Roman Forum" (124), somewhat spoilt by the background; Miss L. B. King's portrait of a seated girl (139); Miss M. Butler's "Tramore Sand" (156); Miss Hickson's "First Signs of Spring" (175); Miss Maud Gill's "Broughton Fell" (189); Miss M. S. Grose's "Cathedral of St. David's" (218), one half of which is a picturesque ruin, and the other a stately edifice; Miss Linnie Watt's "Lisieux" (415), and other street studies; Miss Sophie d'Ouseley's "Henry VII.'s Chapel" (418); Miss Rose Barton's "Piccadilly" (454); and two or three sad reminiscences of Miss Maud Naftel, whose powers are to be recognised in the delicate foliage of the lane in which the children betake themselves "Unwillingly to School" (428).

Among the oil pictures, a foremost place is due to Mrs. Perugini's portrait of Miss Gertrude Lewis (497), executed with all the refinement of a miniature, but possessing greater depth of expression than is usually found in such minute work. Miss Osborn's "Wroxham Broad" (272), in the autumn gloaming, well deserves the place awarded to it; but it is somewhat of the nature of a Triton among minnows. The most noteworthy of these are Miss Celia Davis's "Dish of Herbs" (249), a clever study of still life; Miss F. Mordy's "Prosperity and Adversity" (257), studies in dog life; Miss Spure's "Scene near Beddgelert" (263); Miss Mabel Marston's "Poppies" (317), broad and effectively painted; and Miss F. W. Currey's "Source and Sense of Quietude" (294), a pretty bit of landscape, somewhat French in treatment, but displaying a good deal of individual feeling.

## THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

It is now four years since Mr. Herbert Marshall exhibited at this same gallery (148, New Bond-street) his first series of Drawings of London—and at once made good his claim to be reckoned among the prominent water-colour painters of the day. In the interval he has been a regular exhibitor at the Old Water-Colour Society and elsewhere, and, although he has now and then carried his easel afield, he comes back to the streets of London, as capable of affording him all that he requires in the way of the picturesque—and, we are bound to add, all that he requires to stimulate the imaginative side of his talent.

Among the hundred drawings which illustrate London in its broadest sense, stretching from Battersea to Limehouse, the choice of incident is boundless, and, although we may hesitate to adopt Mr. Marshall's theory that London looks her best in her autumn and winter garbs, we cannot dispute the taste with which he arranges mist, fog, and twilight round her "features." In one, however, of his most successful sketches, that of the "Corner of Melbury Road" (90), he for once turns his back upon houses, and frankly deals with the autumnal beauties of Holland Park; but it is purely architectural drawing—as in the "Back of Kensington Palace" (68); "Cripple-gate" (71), with the massive Barbican against the murky sky; "Emmanuel Hospital" (4), a still unspoiled remnant of old Westminster; and, above all, in the almost panoramic treatment of the river front of the "Tower of London" (25)—that we see Mr. Marshall at his best, and that we learn from him most. He has the eye to discern and the hand to depict beauties which lie hidden from the vulgar gaze; and his collection of drawings may well be used as a text-book by those who would make London understood and appreciated by those who dwell in it or visit it. To do so, however, satisfactorily, the streets and buildings of London must be seen at various hours and in very different conditions of atmosphere. "St. Paul's" in the early breaking morn, with "the web of night undone" (50); "St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield" (24), in the afternoon, when its busy market-place is almost a desert; the "Custom House Quay" (91), as the cold winter's evening is settling upon the riverside; and "Chelsea" (81), in the richer colours of an autumn afternoon, are spots which will live in the remembrance of those who have seen them once; and possibly the experience of Mr. Herbert Marshall may lead many Londoners to learn for themselves how many aspects of beauty their noisy, bustling, and seemingly prosaic city offers to those who will pause a moment in the wild race for pleasure or gain.

The prefatory notes prefixed to the catalogues issued by the Fine Art Society give them at all times a special and even a permanent interest. On the present occasion, the sensible appreciation of Mr. Marshall's aims and method deserves more than ordinary attention, and its study will materially add to the pleasure of those who come to look upon "picturesque London" as here displayed.

## MESSRS. YOKINS' GALLERY.

Mr. E. Wake Cook bears a name which cannot fail to revive pleasant recollections in the minds of picture-lovers; but he is

no way connected with the deceased Academician, and comes before the world on his own merits. His work, which, to say the least, is never monotonous, is the more interesting as coming from an artist the greater part, if not the whole, of whose training has been received in Australia. In his exhibition of "Two Years' Work in the Sunny South" (14, Great Portland-street) are seventy pictures which record the artist's sojourn on the Riviera, among the Italian lakes, and in Italy, as far south as Amalfi and Atrani. In many of these we cannot help recognising traces of the style of water-colour painting which, in Rome, has risen into notoriety of late years; and, although Mr. Wake Cook may not directly have studied under its professors, he has imbibed its influence. His touch is light and graceful; and in many of the smaller pictures he has succeeded in conveying a very fair idea, not only of the scenes he depicts, but of the atmosphere by which they are surrounded. Among the most successful are "Isola Bella" (13), looking northwards towards the Alps; the "Dogana at Venice" (10), very quiet and simple in treatment; several of the views of Osta, perhaps the most picturesque of the Italian lakes; and of Como, the most abounding in effects of sunlight. In the "Porta della Carta" (46), the beautiful doorway of the Doge's Palace, Mr. Cook shows considerable power of drawing, the outcome of a clear eye and a firm hand; but it is in landscape work—a trifle too *travaille*—that he is most successful, and his choice of subjects proves that he understands the liking of the public for views of places with which they have become familiar.

## AN ASTRONOMICAL LECTURE AT ETON.

Having recently published a series of Illustrations of Eton College, with an account of its historical and personal associations, we readily take this opportunity



to show an instance of the disposition, in that ancient abode of classical learning, to study the truths of modern science. Eton was founded long before any idea of the Copernican theory was entertained in the wisest philosophic head; but its scholars were allowed, the other day, in the New Lecture Room, to listen to Major-General A. W. Drayson, R.A., the well-known author of several ingenious astronomical treatises, on his theory of "the second rotation of the earth, and its effects," which may be here briefly explained.

In addition to the two movements of the earth popularly understood—namely, that of its annual orbit round the sun, and its daily rotation—there is a third movement, a slow oscillation of the axis of the globe, causing the two half-axes of the earth alternately to describe cones in about 31,600 years. The pole of the axis of this "second rotation" was stated to be situated 29 deg. 25 min. 47 sec. from the pole of daily rotation, thus causing the Arctic Circle, during one "second rotation" (of about 31,600 years), to descend to the latitude of about 54 deg. above the Equator; which affords a reasonable explanation of the cause of glacial action, and the great changes of climate on the earth in past ages. The precession of the equinoxes, the alterations in the limits of the Arctic Circle and of the tropics, and the declination of what appeared to be fixed stars, are explained by this movement of the axis of our globe.

The lecture, illustrated by diagrams, was listened to by an attentive audience, with evident interest in the subject.

## EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets to and from the Seaside, &c., will be extended on the Brighton and South Coast Railway as usual over the Easter Holidays, and this will also include the Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets. On Thursday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a Special Day Service and also by the Fixed Night Service.

On Good Friday and Easter Sunday Day Trips, at greatly reduced Excursion Fares, will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight.

Extra Trains will be run to and from London, as required by the Traffic, to the Crystal Palace Grand Sacred Concert on Good Friday, and the Special Holiday Entertainments on Easter Monday and following days.

On Easter Monday Special Cheap Excursions will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

For the Volunteer Manœuvres at Brighton, Portsmouth, and Eastbourne on Easter Monday, Special Trains will be run from London, Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, &c.

On Easter Tuesday Cheap Day Trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

The extension of the ferry bridge at Burton-on-Trent has been opened to the public. It is about a third of a mile long, and has been built by Lord Burton and presented to the borough. The total cost of the gift is about £10,000. The two portions of the borough are now united, and the passage will be open, even in time of highest flood.

The Duke of Cambridge attended a meeting held at the Mansion House on March 20 to promote the object of the Royal Military Exhibition, which is to be opened in Chelsea in May, and expressed his belief that the Soldiers' Institutes, on behalf of which the exhibition is to be held, were deserving of support. Lord Chelmsford, the Lord Mayor, the Chaplain of the Forces, and several officers also spoke in furtherance of the project.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

How often it has been said to me, and no doubt to many others interested in the theatre, "My dear friend, there is a mine of wealth under your very feet, if you only take the trouble to dig in it. Read the old dramatists, pick out the plums from their plays, utilise their plots, edit their often 'curious' dialogue, and success is assured!" Yes, it is all very well, and easy talking, but it requires a very peculiar gift to borrow advantageously—to discard the bad and impossible without injuring the good and profitable. There is nothing that succeeds like success. Scores of dramatists have tried their hands on Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse." There have been plenty of adaptations and corrections of the famous work between the days of Sheridan and John Hollingshead, Drury-Lane and the Gaiety. Why, the original Vanbrugh comedy was only a continuation or sequel of Cibber's "Love's Last Shift." Cibber in his play had laudably endeavoured to fashion the stage into something like decency by bringing back a rakish husband to reason, to happiness, and to his family. Vanbrugh, seeming to think it a scandal to polite manners to leave him there, makes him *relapse*, as if it were disgraceful to a man of the world to be honourable. "The taste, however, of the age Sir John Vanbrugh lived in," observes the writer of "Biographia Dramatica," "alone could justify his committing such violence on the chastity of the Comic Muse; and whoever will peruse Cibber's prologue to the 'Provoked Husband' will be satisfied, from the testimony of one who certainly was well acquainted with this gentleman's sentiments, that he was, before his death, not only convinced of, but determined to reform, this error of taste."

But it is a gift granted to a very few to be able to make a good modern play out of an old-world comedy. John Oxenford, student, critic, and dramatist, certainly had the knack, the observation, and the taste required for the task. And Mr. Robert Buchanan, scholar as well as dramatist, brings to bear on his task observation, culture, and, what is so essential—though Mr. Buchanan would not own it for years—a knowledge of the technical detail of the stage. Quite apart from Colley Cibber or Sheridan or Vanbrugh, "Miss Tomboy," recently produced at a Vaudeville matinee, is a very creditable piece of stage work. What on earth does it matter where plots or suggestions come from, so long as a clever man can turn out an interesting and an amusing play? Now, "The Relapse" as it stands in print is impossible. It is not only filthy and licentious, but, according to our modern ideas, it is a bad piece of dramatic workmanship. It contains two plots which do not harmonise with one another. The story of Lord Foppington and his brother Tom Fashion, which is thoroughly amusing and in the best spirit of English comedy, can be divorced altogether from the license and depravity of the relapse from virtue of Loveless and the spicy comments on matrimony of Amanda and the gay widow Berenithia. All that Mr. Buchanan has sought in the old play is the suggestion of amusement, so he retains Foppington, Fashion, and Hoyden, and wipes out the companions of Loveless and that irredeemable scoundrel Coupler. The main idea, probably, was to give Miss Winifred Emery a chance as a comedienne. It was a daring thing to suggest her for Miss Hoyden. We think of Mrs. Bancroft—how well she would have played it some years ago!—of Nellie Farren—how well she did play it twenty years ago!—of Ellen Terry—what a Hoyden she would have made! But a few weeks back, if anyone had suggested Winifred Emery as Hoyden, the answer would have been a decided "No." And what a mistake would have been made! For Miss Emery's Miss Hoyden is an enchanting performance, as opposite to her Clarissa as it is possible for a character to be, and yet in its way equally excellent. Who could picture the saintly Clarissa, with her saintlike air and heaven-directed eyes, bounding about on the same stage, playing monkey tricks, nursing her knees, and sucking her pinafore? The new Hoyden is the embodiment of fun without vulgarity. She is a "knowing" girl, but she is never a nasty one. She startles, but she never shocks her audience. With all Miss Hoyden's abandonment and freedom, there is never at any time a suggestion of impropriety. Nature is telling the girl something that she does not understand. She is vivacious, but never vicious. And, indeed, it is a treat to find an actress who has sense to understand all this. Nine out of ten would have made Miss Hoyden the vulgar romp of the modern music-hall. Miss Emery takes her back a couple of centuries, and shows us a girl of wit, observation, and high spirits, brought up by a port-wine-drinking father, attended by an amorous spinster, taught by a profligate clergyman, and making "calf love" to John Ostler or the loutish farm-servants for want of better amusement! It was no doubt for the sake of the Hoyden that the play was suggested. So far, then, the author of "Miss Tomboy" is safe. It is a surprise to the audience and a gain to Miss Emery. In her we have now a comedy as well as a sentimental actress. But the others do remarkably well. We who are somewhat dilettante in our tastes might have preferred to see the young and clever Cyril Maude as Lord Foppington, but these things can never be until one at least of our many theatres is managed by someone outside the inevitable interests of actors. It was not likely that Mr. Thomas Thorne would give up Foppington to one of his company. These things can only occur when we get a literary manager and not an actor manager. Be that as it may, and quite apart from dilettanteism, Mr. Thorne acquires himself remarkably well as the promoted Peer, and plays the part with a true sense of humour. Nor is Mr. Cyril Maude insensible to the fun contained in his Lordship's valet. It is not, perhaps, for critics to say what might have been, but rather to judge what is. Mr. Fred Thorne, an excellent comedian, who revels in old comedy, and Mr. Gillmore, another clever member of the vast Thorne family, all do well. This much may at least be said, that "Miss Tomboy" is a capital and amusing play, and it will not be wise to miss it if anyone has an idle afternoon to spare. C. S.

The preparations for the new Wimbledon at Bisley are progressing satisfactorily. The camp will be ready for occupation on Saturday, July 12, and the shooting is to commence as usual on the following Monday, and last a fortnight.

The Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House was crowded on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, testifying to the widespread appreciation of its work. The Bishop of Bedford presided, and bore testimony to the excellent results attained by the association since its foundation in 1875. It has under its care some 7000 girls, who are, through its instrumentality, visited in their situations by ladies, provided with lodgings when out of place, and attended and nursed in sickness.

The marriage of Lord Louth with Miss Eugénie Bellairs, daughter of Mr. E. H. W. Bellairs, her Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul at Biarritz, was celebrated in the parish church, Biarritz, on March 18, the civil marriage taking place at the British Vice-Consulate the previous day. The bridesmaids were the Misses Cassandra, Etha, Ada, and Gwendella Bellairs, the bride's sisters; and the bridegroom was attended by Viscount Avonmore, as best man. The bride was given away by her father.





THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE: BEECHER'S BROOK.



## NOVELS.

*A March in the Ranks.* By Jessie Fothergill, Author of "The First Violin," "From Moor Isles," &c. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—What may be the appropriate significance of the title chosen for this agreeable and interesting story remains obscure when its perusal is finished. The behaviour of Godfrey Noble, the young medical man with two sisters, Hilda and Letty, in his social relations with neighbouring families at Askley Bridge, is a good example of the right conduct of life. But neither his position, as the temporary head of a fashionable hydropathic establishment, nor that of Hilda Noble, the head mistress of a girls' high school in a large town of the Midlands, would seem to fall within the common rank and file of professional occupations. Both employments, indeed, are responsible and laborious, demanding some intellectual attainments, while not, in these instances, promising any high advancement in the world. Our sympathies, however, are mainly excited on behalf of these two persons by the difficulties arising in the course of intimate friendship and of true love, which for a long while does not run smooth, but has to be suppressed from considerations of honour and duty, between them and certain other persons endowed with all the advantages of wealth. Of these, Mr. Peregrine Blundell and his sister Alizon, dwelling in the fine old mansion of Great Undermoor, are the most important; but the American lady and gentleman, Mrs. Van Bibber and her bachelor brother, Harold Ashby, sojourning at the Moorside Sanitarium, play an effective part; and Mr. Giles Barras, another marriageable man, who is likewise moderately rich, also comes in for a share in the fortunes of the Noble family.

Such people are not in "the ranks," though scarcely to be called, on the other hand, "people of rank"; and the originality of their characters and manners shows an exceptional degree of independence. Dr. Noble and his sisters, who are comparatively poor, yet being, in education and manners, fully the equals of their opulent acquaintance, never entertain the slightest notion of gaining by matrimonial alliances some improvement of their modest situation and prospects, which is eventually forced upon them in spite of delicate scruples. This is a pleasing view of the unsought possible elevation of a discreet and virtuous family, which affords a refreshing contrast to the sordid motives and mercenary schemes that abound in vulgar novels of the present day. All the men and women, except one—namely, Peregrine Blundell—who have been mentioned in our notice of the story are thoroughly honest, with some faults of pride and temper; but Peregrine is a selfish, petulant, immoral, and unscrupulous egotist, the unhappy victim of a foolish marriage, separated from his wife and children. He has left them, with a regular allowance for their maintenance, at the town of Kirkfence, which we take to be Leeds, as Askley Bridge must be the well-known village of Ilkley; he is afflicted with a mortal disease, "angina pectoris," and leads a retired life at Great Undermoor, faithfully guarded by Miss Blundell, his sister Alizon, who has also the painful task of supervising and restraining her brother's impatient and irritated, silly and reckless wife. Dr. Noble, having been called in to attend Peregrine in the dangerous paroxysms of his malady, which will probably soon kill him, becomes the confidant of Miss Blundell, and performs extra-professional services, by his admirable tact and sound judgment, in helping her to manage affairs between the alienated spouses, and to check the frantic impulses that would break out in a fatal scandal.

In discharging these offices of friendship he acts with supreme integrity and fidelity, suppressing the passion for Alizon herself which has gained control over his inward life, and upon some occasions provoking her resentment by his disapproval of her stern treatment of her unfortunate sister-in-law. Hilda Noble, meantime, during a long holiday visit to her brother's house, almost innocently, through an unconscious tenderness, beginning with pure compassion, attracts the notice of Peregrine Blundell, who basely pursues her with seductive entreaties to go and live with him abroad. When this dishonourable attempt is rejected by Hilda, and is made known, after some delay, to Godfrey and to Alizon, friendly intercourse between the families is necessarily stopped; Hilda, cruelly misjudged and severely rebuked by Alizon, returns to her school work in a miserable mood, while Godfrey resigns his post at Moorside, and prepares to quit the neighbourhood. Yet both his sisters have already been addressed by honourable lovers of most eligible quality: Giles Barras, though forty years of age, has engaged the affections of Letty Noble, a bright and charming girl; while Harold Ashby, a fine young fellow—resolute, constant, and plain-spoken—has made up his mind to secure Hilda, who for some time refuses his offer. It is ultimately through Hilda's consent to marry this brave young American, followed by Godfrey's emigration and settlement near them in practice at New York, that the other portion of the problem is solved. Peregrine Blundell dies, having made a proper arrangement for his widow and children; but Alizon, left in charge of large estates, and feeling herself alone, turns her thoughts to Godfrey as the helpmeet whom she needs, being aware of his sentiments towards her. Their reunion is brought about through Hilda's intervention, at the cost of a serious illness and a voyage across the Atlantic: then we leave them in a fair way to be happy.

*By the World Forgot.* By E. J. Clayden. (F. Warne and Co.)—Within the compass of less than two hundred pages, and with an unassuming form of publication, Miss Clayden presents to us a story which has not only more unity of design and completeness of construction, but stronger interest, derived from the mutual relations of the characters, than many three-volume novels. Brevity and simplicity of effect are literary merits too seldom cultivated by popular authors of fiction in these days: in a new writer they are signs of good promise, and here is also the manifest power of representing men and women in distinct individual personality, sustained through delicate and difficult situations, the interest of which is sufficient to dispense with any violent shocks of outward accident or strange disaster.

Helen Grey, the daughter of a broken-down London journalist who dies in a condition little above forlorn poverty in his secluded rural cottage, is a noble-minded, innocent, self-respecting girl, left so much alone in the gossiping, scandal-loving village, and so cruelly maligned by the Rector's uncharitable wife, that she becomes the victim of local slander. Being persecuted with the undesired attentions of Harold Champion, the Squire's profligate son, who is already engaged to marry the Rector's daughter, Helen lacks the assistance of a female friend to get rid of the compromising imputations that his behaviour has cast upon her. A young artist, named Allan Aubrey, whose father is Mr. Grey's old friend, coming to the village, is soon in love with Helen, but she thinks his sentiment towards her is merely that of friendship, supposing him to have found Miss Harvey, at the Rectory, particularly attractive. When he comes again, injurious rumours of Helen's conduct are forced upon his hearing; and he sees one evening, in the shadows of two figures on the white window-blind of a lamp-lighted parlour,

what he fancies to be actual proof of an untimely visit, just before Harold Champion's wedding to the other young lady. Instead of seeking an explanation, he returns to London, renouncing his love for Helen, and devotes himself to painting, with rapid professional advancement; while she, bitterly feeling the loss of his friendship, but entirely ignorant of his suspicions, takes to literary work, and achieves an equal success, besides unexpectedly inheriting a fortune, and gaining the protection of Colonel and Mrs. Granby, her mother's nearest relatives. Helen's troubles are now over: indeed it was Colonel Granby, her respectable elderly cousin, and not Harold Champion, whose shadow was seen with hers on the window-blind, when he kindly visited her home after her father's death. In due time Allan Aubrey learns his mistake, and has to do penance for believing that she could so far go wrong; but the story ends happily for this pair of congenial spirits. It is a good story, of the purely ethical kind.

*Cosette.* By Katharine S. Macquoid. Two vols. (Ward and Downey.)—Tourists who have visited the Ardennes, who have pleasant memories of the banks of the Meuse, of the towns of Namur and Dinant, on that river, and of La Roche, on the Ourthe—also the readers of Mrs. Macquoid's useful and delightful book describing that picturesque and hospitable district of the Belgian kingdom—will feel quite at home in the scenes and social life of this agreeable story. But those who have had only sufficient experience of foreign manners, in any provincial community, to enter cordially into a wise and kindly recognition of all common human interests, flavoured with a gentle humorous perception of small differences of national habits and manners, will find the simple tale of Cosette Delahay and her two lovers perfectly congenial to their minds.

This good and dutiful girl, devoted to the care of an invalid mother, with whom she lives at the house of her aunt, the imperious, fussy, but heartily affectionate Madame Popot, manager of a thriving laundry at Dinant, is a charming maiden, innocent as daylight, but for the time embarrassed with the rival attentions of M. Anatole Pécasse and Auguste Wirkay. The former suitor is a worthy middle-aged man, the clever chief cook of a fashionable hotel at Namur, able to retire on a comfortable independence, brave, generous, and sincere, but slightly vain and pompous in his talk and demeanour. The latter is a handsome, idle young fellow who soon wins the girl's heart by his sentimental professions, but who is averse to industry and chooses to waste his time in angling on the Lesse, forfeiting every chance of regular employment, and unable to support a wife. Cosette is strongly urged, for her mother's sake, to accept her elderly admirer, but cannot dissemble her attachment to the graceful do-nothing lounge, whom her fancy invests with many virtues that he does not possess. By the indiscreet match-making zeal of her well-meaning aunt, M. Pécasse is somewhat misled concerning the state of Cosette's affections, until he learns the fact of her occasionally meeting Auguste, when he naturally gets angry, while a malicious female slanderer tries to make the worst of the affair. The death of Cosette's mother then sets her free to take a situation as book-keeper in a china and lace business at La Roche belonging to Mlle. Félicité Magloire, whom she serves with diligent fidelity; but Auguste Wirkay, left at Dinant, loses all the opportunities provided him for earning an honest livelihood. In the end, when the proprietress of the La Roche establishment, being enriched by a large inheritance, looks about for a handsome young husband, and selects this unprincipled trifler for the post, he coolly jilts the modest girl who has endured so much for his sake. But this, after all, is a happy escape for Cosette: she is now placed in a good position, as manager of the china-shop which her aunt has purchased, and she finally consents to marry brave M. Pécasse, whose little faults have been thoroughly cured.

*John Vale's Guardian.* By D. Christie Murray. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—Middle-class rustic and small-town English life in the Midland counties, without the conventional figures of the Squire, the Baronet, and the Vicar indispensable to some other novelists, furnishes good materials for this robust author's invention of a plot. In the present story we are made to take a concern in the fortunes of an amiable orphan boy, heir to a few hundred acres of freehold estate, left under the treacherous guardianship of his father's cousin, Robert Snelling, corn-factor, of Castle Barfield, who is a cruel and cunning rogue. John Vale being in delicate health, and having suffered a concussion of the brain in a stone-fight among schoolboys, a wicked design to reduce him to permanent imbecility, perhaps even to shorten his life, enters the mind of his covetous kinsman. But he runs away, with another boy, to the town of Warwick, where they are kindly sheltered by a worthy French couple, M. and Madame Vigne, whose friend, M. Jousserau, a clever artist fond of rambling sketches in rural England, has met these youths in the fields near their home. The characters of these good foreigners, and that of Isaiah Winter, a shrewd and honest countryman long in the service of Mr. Snelling, but resolved to thwart his iniquitous devices, are portrayed with much humour and spirit. The boy Vale soon becomes apprentice to a local printer, in whose petty establishment he is associated with an elderly sneak, dawdler, and drunkard, Tobias Orme, much addicted to Pecksniffian speeches, but capable of the meanest tricks in practice. This man, learning that Mr. Snelling has advertised a money reward for discovering the fugitive boy, privately goes to Castle Barfield for the purpose of betraying John Vale, who is fetched back and is not again manifestly ill-treated, as the rumours on this score against Mr. Snelling have exposed that unjust guardian to popular indignation, since Isaiah Winter has quitted his service and speaks out plainly enough.

One or two important events in the neighbourhood suddenly alter the position of affairs. Snelling has bad luck; his house is accidentally burnt down, and his overbearing addresses, as a rich, portly, middle-aged widower, to the pretty daughter of bluff Farmer Shorthouse, are rejected by that sensible young woman, who is already in love with the accomplished French painter, an honourable gentleman, sprightly, kindly, and sincere. But the great event is the finding of a valuable seam of coal on the land belonging to John Vale's inheritance; also on a piece of land which Isaiah Winter has the means of purchasing, and by which that faithful friend of the good boy is effectively enriched. The machinations of Snelling, however, begin from these circumstances to take a more desperately atrocious complexion than before. Knowing himself to be next heir to the property in case of the death of his ward, and seeing now that the estate, instead of a moderate-sized farm, will be a great colliery yielding a noble revenue, he contrives a secret scheme of murder. Having taken John Vale, whom he now indulges and flatters, to live with him in a ruinous old tumble-down mansion, where the upper chamber of a decayed separate tower is the boy's favourite play-room, this infatuated slave of avarice proceeds to loosen the bricks of the arch underneath, intending to take them out, and to let the boy perish by the fall of the building. He is observed at this

work by Tobias Orme, who suspects that Snelling has found a hidden treasure, and who therefore removes some bricks, which he is prevented from replacing: in consequence of this, when Snelling is on the eve of performing his supreme act of wickedness, going himself into the chamber of peril, he is killed by his own trap. So John Vale is relieved of the existence of his dangerous guardian, and he and all the others, who may still be living for aught we know, are likely to be happy and healthy, wealthy and wise.

## THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL

During the week the flat-racing season has been inaugurated at Lincoln, and by time-honoured custom the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase follows. This race, in connection with cross-country sport, is as the Derby in racing on the flat—the blue riband of the year. With Englishmen, steeplechasing is always attractive and popular. It may be that the element of a little extra danger in clearing fences and ditches gives an additional zest to it in the minds of a sport-loving people. Anyway, the Grand National never fails to attract very large crowds to Aintree on the Friday following the Lincolnshire Handicap, and this year's race is no exception to the rule. The race is run over what is probably the severest course in England. It is 4 miles and 856 yards long, some of the obstacles to be got over are of a most troublesome character. One fence at which two persons, at least, have lost their lives—namely, Joe Wynne, when he was riding O'Connell, and George Ede (Mr. "Edwards")—has happily been done away with. The riders first encounter two simple thorn fences, and at the third essay they have to meet one of the new regulation obstacles, misnamed the "open ditch." Succeeding this is a rail and fence, which in its turn is followed by a simple thorn fence, the next jump being the celebrated Beecher's Brook. This is very troublesome, and unfailingly brings one or two horses to grief. Bearing to the left, a rail-fence has to be surmounted, followed at a short interval by another "regulation" jump; and, bearing sharp to the left again, the horses have to face Valentine's Brook, which is really the same ditch as Beecher's Brook, and runs into the canal close by. A thorn fence follows, with, later, an ordinary ditch and fence; then a ditch and rail, after which the Melling road is crossed, and the horses then traverse the flat-race course diagonally. After jumping two thorn fences and another "guarded ditch," they arrive at the water-jump, which is no longer the formidable obstacle it was, the water being but 12 ft. 3 in. wide and 2 ft. deep, with a perpendicular thorn fence in front 1 ft. thick and 2 ft. in height. This brings them opposite where they started, and the same course is pursued again. The most formidable fences of the lot are, in all probability, those between Beecher's and Valentine's Brooks.

There were originally sixty-two subscribers for the race, but twenty-one paid the minor forfeit, and others have been eliminated. The betting has been of a very fluctuating nature, the new G.N.H. rule as to the registration of partnerships, not having been clearly understood by owners, causing much confusion and uncertainty for a while. Roquefort, a previous winner of this race, had to be eliminated through wrong entry. Among the runners are several horses who have performed over the country before—notably Frigate, making her seventh essay over the severe course; and it may be mentioned that after this occasion she will be relegated to the stud. Bellona, M.P., and Why Not, who finished second last year, are also runners. Two years ago Bellona had a nasty stumble at the canal bend when she looked like winning, and she finished fourth last year after jumping first on to the racecourse. Among the novices the pride of place is claimed by Ilex, whose connections are more than ordinarily sanguine of success. It is claimed for this son of Rostrevor and Rostrum's dam, who was purchased from the Irish, that he could "jump anything and stay for a week." Why Not is greatly fancied in many quarters, and his friends believe that he will be able to improve on last year's form, despite the prohibitive. The runners will probably include Frigate, Gamecock, Why Not, Battle Royal, Bellona, Voluptuary (who won six years ago), M.P., Emperor, Braceborough, Fetiche, Hettie, who will carry the Prince of Wales's colours, Alcæus, Lord Coventry, Bacey, Ilex, and Dominion. The issue will probably be fought out between Bellona, Emperor, and Ilex.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., has opened a new Public Free Library in Ravenscourt Park, the fine open space at Hammer-smith which was acquired some two or three years ago by the Metropolitan Board of Works. An old mansion stands in the park, and at the instance of an influential local committee this has been adapted to the purposes of the library. The shelves contain 8270 volumes, of which 6870 are in the lending and 1406 in the reference department. The Rev. J. H. Snowden, Chairman of the Library Commissioners, presided.

A further munificent donation has been made to the scheme for founding and endowing a convalescent home for patients from the London hospitals. Some time ago the anonymous originator of the proposal gave £100,000, and another anonymous gentleman supplements that gift with £50,000. But before the home can be completed and suitably endowed between £300,000 and £400,000 are required. Several other gentlemen, or wealthy City companies, animated by the same spirit, and having command of similar means, are therefore asked to assist in making up the difference. Arrangements have been provisionally made to purchase an eligible property fifty acres in extent, in a healthy neighbourhood seventeen miles from London, as a site for the institution.

The Governors of the Queen Anne's Bounty Corporation have held their annual meeting for the distribution of their surplus revenue in grants to meet benefactions from diocesan, local, or private sources, on behalf of poor benefices in England and Wales. The number of applications and the amount of benefactions offered were larger than usual, and the governors were compelled to give less than was anticipated to many, and entirely to disappoint twenty-one applicants. The governors will be glad to receive gifts and bequests in aid of their funds. The benefices selected for augmentation were eighty-seven in number (out of 108), and ranged in value from nil to £197 per annum. The total amount of the grants voted is £22,000, and the aggregate value of the benefactions to be attracted thereby is £30,000.

A photographic society, entitled the Exeter Hall Camera Club, has been formed in connection with the central Y.M.C.A. The club has been divided into two sections, to one of which ladies will be eligible for membership. The following advantages and privileges, among others, are offered to members: Use of dark-rooms, &c., to be constructed in basement at Exeter Hall, popular and instructive lectures on photography, outdoor excursions for the study of landscape photography, facilities for exchanging photographs, &c., and purchasing apparatus and chemicals at cost price, and periodical exhibitions of members, besides ordinary meetings from time to time. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of becoming members should communicate with G. J. Ingram, Hon. Sec., Exeter Hall Camera Club, Exeter Hall, Strand.





THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BERLIN: PARADE BEFORE THE PRINCE AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE.



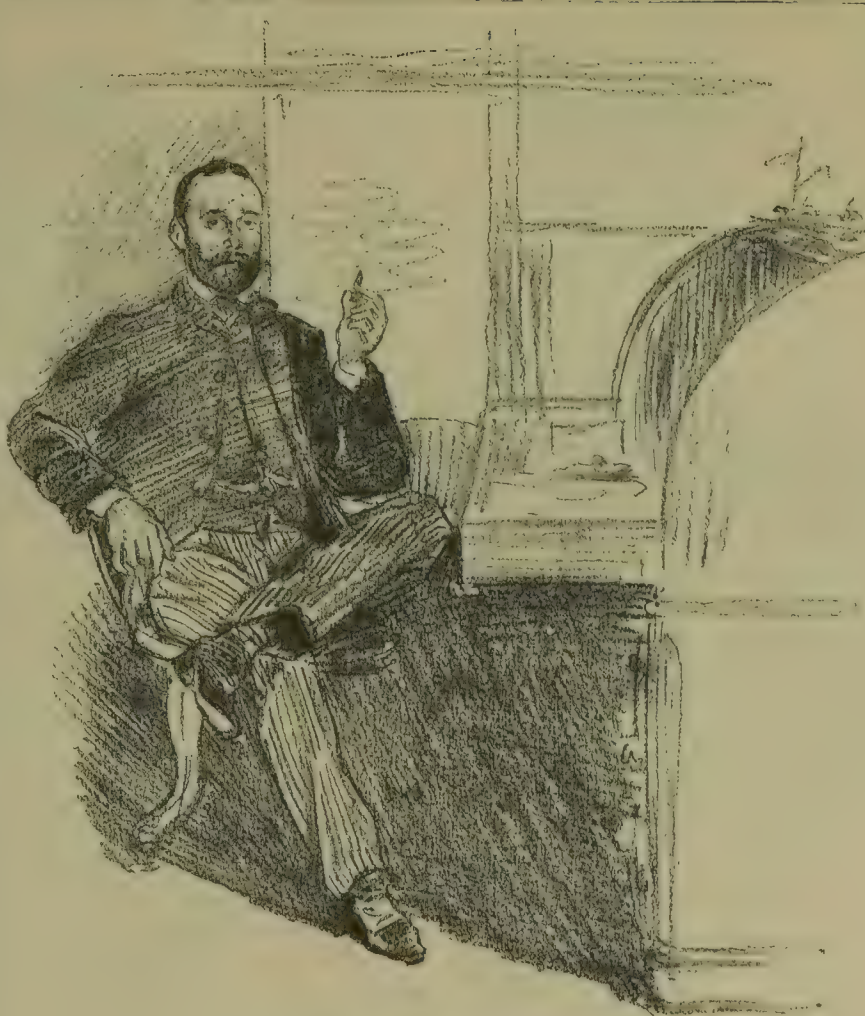
# THE COLLIERY STRIKE AND THE LONDON COAL EXCHANGE.

The anxiety felt during many days, not only in the manufacturing districts, where coal for the steam-engine is the mainspring of the staple industries, but also in the households of many private families, alarmed by the rapidly increased price of a commodity so necessary for domestic comfort, is happily relieved by the termination of the great colliery strike. On Thursday, March 20, the representative federated colliery owners and the delegates of colliery labourers of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, and Warwickshire met at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and agreed to resolutions which not only end the strike, but give some hope of averting such struggles in the future. It was resolved that the men should at once resume work, with an immediate advance of five per cent of their wages, and that a further advance of five per cent should be given in the first week of August; arrangements were further agreed to, in principle, for dealing with wages questions in future. The news of this settlement of the dispute was received in such towns as Bolton and Burnley, Leeds and Sheffield, and in the Midland counties, with the greatest satisfaction, as trade in all its various branches was being brought to a standstill from want of fuel, entailing enormous losses to manufacturers and causing great privation among the working classes, many thousands of whom were thrown out of employment by no fault of their own. In the cotton trade a large number of mills have had to be closed for a short period, as stocks of coal were practically exhausted. Never was coal so much prized as it had been during the preceding week, and the avidity with which the commonest material has been bought up is not the least noticeable feature of the great strike. The loss of wages has been enormous, but colliery proprietors and agents have profited at the expense of other employers and householders.

In London, where the various industrial employments of the working classes are not, with some exceptions, immediately dependent on the cost of steam-power for factories, the poor were threatened with a deprivation of warmth and of needful household convenience, and persons of limited incomes began seriously to contemplate an embarrassing increase of their carefully regulated weekly expenses. Although, in the first instance, the direct effect of the colliery strike must apply to the coal sent up to the Metropolis by the Midland and Great Northern Railways, it could not fail also to enhance the price of seaborne coal from Northumberland and Durham and South Wales; the holders of large stocks of coal in London were not disposed to part with it on moderate terms, referring to the fancy prices asked for the coal at the pits, which was on an average of 17s. 6d. per ton, while in some cases it was stated to be as high as 20s. This had a decidedly unfavourable effect upon the market, which for some days almost suspended business; while the merchants, in the absence of any decisive intelligence regarding an amicable settlement between the colliery owners and miners, resolved further to increase house coal by 2s. and "trolley" coal by 1s. 6d. These advances, in addition to the rise on Saturday, March 15, when the strike began, made a total official increase of 3s. on house coal and 3s. 4d. on "trolley" coal, while the price of seaborne coal also further advanced. There was an opinion among the merchants that the conferences pending would have no salutary effect upon the dispute, but that the colliery owners individually

would settle their immediate disputes with the men by mutual arrangement, being compelled to adopt this course by force of circumstances. The panic among London householders may have been spontaneous, but irresponsible newspaper reports magnified the impending danger, and many London coal-dealers, great and small, took advantage of it as far as they could.

These recent experiences give some interest to the "Sketches at the London Coal Exchange" which our Artist has furnished, occupying three pages this week. The Coal Exchange is certainly not a trade monopolist institution, being free and open to all who want to buy or sell coal, without payment of any subscription or fees: it was established by Act of Parliament, nearly fifty years ago, for the common public benefit, and its care is vested in the City Corporation, who appoint a Committee of Management, as in the case of other London markets. Until July 1889, as our readers are aware, there was a duty of one shilling and a penny a ton levied by the Corporation on all coal brought to London; a certain portion of this revenue was assigned to the late Metropolitan Board of Works, for street improvements, main drainage, freeing of bridges, and other improvements, and the City Corporation had also its share. The proceeds of the odd penny, during several years, were very properly devoted to the erection of the Coal Exchange building, which was opened in 1849. It stands in Lower Thames-street, at the bottom of the steep street called St. Mary-at-hill, nearly opposite Billingsgate Fish Market. There is a handsome pillared portico, surmounted by a lofty cupola, at this street corner; and the interior, reached by stone steps, is a noble circular hall, with a high roof of iron and glass, and with three galleries all round it, presenting a light and elegant appearance. Surrounding this hall on every side, and at different levels, are many apartments, office-chambers, and counting-houses, which are let by the Corporation to numerous colliery firms and companies, agents, brokers, coal-meters, coal-whippers, owners of steam collier-vessels, railway coal-carriers, and others connected with the trade; besides such associations as the "Coal Trade Protection Society," the "Inland Colliery Owners," and the "Society of Coal Merchants of London," who have private subscription-rooms



WAITING FOR CLIENTS.

for the use of their own members. There are postal telegraph offices and telephones all over the place; and refreshment-rooms on the main floor. The Clerk and Registrar, Mr. J. B. Scott, has his offices in the second gallery; and there are beadles and messengers in livery to attend his bidding. The walls and roof are tastefully decorated with artistic paintings, some of which represent the presumed forms of extinct species of plants, the palaeontological vegetation from which, as the geologists have taught us, coal has been produced; others are pictures of collieries and their work, or the carriage of coal by land and sea. In glass cases, on stands, are specimens of coal and iron ore. The aspect of this hall is cheerful and pleasant, and it affords



DOING BUSINESS AT THE DESKS.

SKETCHES AT THE LONDON COAL EXCHANGE.





NO BUSINESS.

excellent accommodation for private business or for sales in the general market.

The Coal Exchange market is held on three days of the week, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when a hundred gentlemen stroll in, lounge about the spacious circular area, with mutual greetings and inquiries, which lead to groups and couples engaging in serious talk, producing lists, letters, and notebooks, and making bargains or contracts, often clinched by a bit of writing at the desks standing around, where they find pen and ink ready for use. At the doors of some offices are little desks, like that of an auctioneer, for sales offered to public competition. Our Artist has exercised his faculty of humorous observation in sketching typical portraits of some characters and moods, perhaps equally to be discerned on the Stock Exchange, the Corn Exchange, or in the Mincing-lane Colonial Produce Market, or in any other place where men habitually congregate for the purpose of buying and selling. We have no doubt, from authentic official statistics of the prices of coal at the pits, with the known charges of freight, that very large profits are sometimes made by importers, merchants, agents, and middlemen, in wholesale dealings; and everybody knows that the retailers of coal in London, selling by the ton, or to their poorer customers by the chaldron, are wont to get as much as



BAD BUSINESS.

they can. But this is the way of all distributive trade in necessary articles; and it would be unfair to join in raising an outcry against particular classes of dealers where no privileged monopoly exists. The most plausible suggestion of a remedy seems to be that of neighbouring householders forming local co-operative associations, to buy their coal direct from the colliery, and to bring it to London for themselves. A friendly club of twenty or thirty private families, each knowing precisely what quantity of coal it wants from time to time, could manage to procure its joint stock with no commercial risk. It could also undertake to store coal for any of its members whose cellars are too small to hold as much as they might wish to lay in for the winter.

There ought to be not much difficulty in estimating generally the actual cost of this commodity. The last-published Home Office return on mines and minerals, for the year 1888, shows the approximate price per ton at the pits in each of the English, Welsh, and Scotch counties where the output exceeds one million tons per annum. It gives an average little above five shillings and a penny the ton, which includes, of course, the wages of the colliers, the salaries of the superintendents and managers, the rent and royalties (where the pit is leased from the landowner), and the profits of the lessor—in short, the total cost of production and delivery at the pit's bank. To this must be added the charges for conveyance to London, which in the case of seaborne coal, shipped from Newcastle, Sunderland, or Hartlepool, and transferred to barges on the Thames, would perhaps exceed ten shillings a ton; a similar computation is to be made for railway rates and charges, which would be constantly uniform. The managers of a local Coal Club, anywhere in London, should be able to



RISKY BUSINESS.

ascertain what they ought to pay, when its members have agreed on the kind of coal to be procured for their own domestic use, and they would be independent of the ordinary dealers.

The total quantity of coal brought into London last year is stated, by a return published under the authority of the City Corporation, to be twelve million tons; but some portion of it was not for London consumption. Without examining the movement of the general trade, any plan by which householders can take care of themselves is worthy of consideration. At the Coal Exchange, on Friday, March 21, prices fell two shillings a ton, and the retailers should presently be called upon to moderate their demands, which rose during the late panic in a rather alarming manner.



WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE MARKET.



CAPTAIN OF A COLLIER BRIG.





GOOD BUSINESS.



BUSINESS ALL GONE.



CAREFUL BUSINESS.



A GOOD ORDER.



AN OFFICIAL.



AFTER A GOOD DAY.



## MUSIC.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall will soon complete their thirty-second season. This series has presented fewer novelties than some previous seasons, to the enhanced interest of the performances, as repetitions of masterpieces by composers of the past are preferable to the production of new works, very few of which are worth even one hearing. A recent concert brought forward a work—for the first time here—that was a welcome addition to the repertoire, and one that will probably be acceptable in future repetitions. It is a quintet for pianoforte and stringed instruments, composed by Signor Sgambati, a young Italian pianist, of whose compositions we have had previous occasions to speak in commendation. The work now referred to comprises four movements, in each of which there is strong musical interest, with coherent design and development, and ample opportunity for brilliant display of the pianist's executive powers, while being free from the exaggeration and extravagance which so frequently characterise the productions of Liszt, who, we believe, was Signor Sgambati's instructor. The quintet was worthily rendered by Madame Backer-Gröndahl as the pianist, in association with MM. Joachim, Ries, Gibson, and Piatti. At the afternoon concert of March 22 a genuine success was obtained by M. De Greef, a young Belgian pianist, who displayed exceptionally high qualities of style and execution in his solo performance—Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses"—and in Beethoven's pianoforte trio in D major, in association with MM. Joachim and Piatti. Madame B. Moore was the vocalist at this concert. M. De Greef was announced to reappear at the concert of the following Monday, the last but one of the evening performances of the season.

The sixteenth of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, on March 23, included the appearance of Sir Charles Hallé, who performed Beethoven's third pianoforte concerto (in C minor) and some unaccompanied solos with his well-known facility and finish. On the same occasion Goldmark's symphony "Im Frühling" was given for the first time at these concerts. It is an elaborate work, in which there is much richness of orchestral colouring, with some rather realistic details in the literal imitation of spring sounds. There is, however, a general tone of genial brightness in the symphony that should secure for it some future hearing. Miss L. Lehmann was the vocalist at the concert now referred to.

That excellent and flourishing institution the Highbury Philharmonic Society—ably conducted by Mr. G. H. Betjemann—announced an important concert for March 24; at which, besides several classical works, a new ballad for chorus and orchestra was promised for production. The title is "The Song of the Western Men," the music being the composition of Mr. G. H. Betjemann.

The eighth concert of the nineteenth season of the Royal Choral Society was appropriated to a performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt"; the oratorio in which he has manifested his grandest powers in a series of sublime choruses which form the chief portions of the work, and therefore render it especially suited for the exceptionally large space of the Albert Hall. As on previous occasions, the duet written for two basses was rendered choral by being assigned to a large number (four hundred) of the tenors and basses of the choir—a proceeding which is scarcely to be justified in an artistic sense, but may be excused as giving special evidence of the excellence of the choristers.

Mr. Sims Reeves recently made his last appearance at Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall, at the final evening performance of the season. His farewell to London will be taken in the ensuing autumn, when Madame Christine Nilsson will contribute to the programme.

An oratorio entitled "Franciscus" (St. Francis of Assisi), by M. E. Tinel, was to be performed—for the first time in England—on March 25, by Miss Holland's choir, at the Westminster Townhall. The work has gained much success on the Continent, having been first produced at Malines in 1888. Probably we may, before long, have occasion to revert to the composition.

The Windsor and Eton Choral Society recently gave a special performance in celebration of its fiftieth season. Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" was rendered with full orchestra and chorus, the choristers of the society having been reinforced from several sources. The vocal soloists were Madame Dotti, Miss S. Berry, Mr. Banks, and Mr. W. Mills. Mr. Barnby conducted, and the occasion was highly successful.

Of the Philharmonic Society's second concert of the season (occurring on March 27) we must speak hereafter. The programme included a selection from M. Peter Benoit's music to the drama of "Charlotte Corday," recently produced in Paris.

Among recent announcements was that of a concert given at 35, Wimpole-street (by permission of Lady Thompson), in aid of Miss Kenway's School for Orphans of Musicians and the Orphan Homes of Mrs. Ginever. The children's orchestra (which has lately attracted attention) was announced to play at a concert of the Meistersingers' Club, St. James's-street, in aid of the orchestra fund. The recital of that sterling pianist Miss Agnes Zimmermann was recently given at Princes' Hall, with a classical programme. Mr. J. T. Hutchinson's vocal recital and a chamber concert by Mr. Stephen Kemp (a sound and conscientious pianist); the annual concert, at St. James's Hall, on behalf of the Police Fund; the third annual concert of the accomplished vocalist Miss Hope Temple; and the spring choral festival of the London Sunday School Choir at the Royal Albert Hall, were among the musical proceedings of recent dates.

The Queen has given a cup, of the value of one hundred guineas, to be sailed for this year by the Royal Albert Yacht Club.

The Lord Mayor presided on March 20 at a dinner in aid of the funds of the Hampstead Home Hospital and Nursing Institute, held in the Hôtel Métropole. Contributions to the amount of £1200 were announced.

A most successful ladies' and gentlemen's handicap tournament was held on the ladies' links of the Ashdown Forest and Tunbridge Wells Golf Club on March 15. The prizes chosen were golf clubs, won by Miss Lee and Mr. Flanagan.

Dr. Randall, Bishop of Reading (Suffragan of Oxford), has been presented with a pastoral staff, of the value of £200, chiefly subscribed by friends in the archdeaconries of Berks and Bucks, an oil portrait of her husband being given at the same time to Mrs. Randall. The gifts were accompanied by an illuminated address.

A number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the work of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen attended a meeting held in support of its objects at Grosvenor House. Dr. Grenfell, who has recently returned from a cruise in the North Sea, graphically described the hardships endured by the deep-sea fishermen, and bore testimony to the excellent results wrought by the missionaries among them.

## THE DIPPER AT HOME.

There is, and always has been, something fascinating about running water. The pedestrian of the road sees only the outside of the land—sees only its commonplace sights; but the haunter of the waterside is brought face to face with nature's secrets—the flowers and birds and insect life of the rich river banks. Here man never interferes, here everything is wild wood and water—where everything flourishes, and the drought never comes. Then, again, the rivers and streams are the chief arteries of the land, and yield to a host of field and woodland creatures the life-giving elements. And is it not true that whatever is found on the land is found in still greater abundance by the waterways?

The stream banks have their insects, their plants, their birds; and are not these among their chief claims? The birds essentially of the waterside are the dipper and the kingfisher, with a host of others that are less characteristic.

The dipper! As to just what part this pretty white-breasted thrush plays in the economy of nature, naturalists are by no means agreed. The water-ouzel is essentially a bird of the running brook and its waterfalls, and wherever these abound there the dipper will be found. His most frequent stand is upon some mossy stone in the river reach, and here his crescent form may oftenest be seen. He haunts the brightly running streams in winter as in summer, and as roaring torrents he seems to love them best.

Let us watch him a while. He dashes through the spray and into the white foam, performing his morning ablutions. Then he emerges to perch on his stone, always jerking his body about, and dipping, dipping, ever dipping. Presently he melts into the water like a bubble, but immediately emerges to regain his seat. Then he trills out a loud wren-like song, but, breaking off short, again disappears. We are standing on an old stone bridge, and are enabled to observe him closely. By a rapid vibratory motion of his wings he drives himself down through the water, and by the aid of his widespread though unwebbed feet he clings to and walks among the pebbles. These he rapidly turns over with his bill, searching for the larvae of waterflies and gauzy-winged ephemera. He searches the brook carefully downwards, sometimes clean immersed, at other times with his back out, and then with the water barely covering his feet. He does not always work with the stream, for we have frequently seen him struggling against it, but even then retaining his position upon the bottom. Even at the present day there are naturalists who, from the examination of cabinet specimens, aver that it is not in the power of the bird to walk at the bottom of a brook; but then they know nothing of him along his native streams. There are few things of the waterways that are not enemies of trout during some period of their life-history. But total exemption from blame is now generally granted to the ouzel.

The other day we had occasion to walk by miles and miles of trout streams. In all of these fish of every size were upon the gravel beds which constitute the spawning "redds." Almost at every turn the white chemisette of the brook-bird glistened from some grey stone, and went piping before us up stream. As many of these were actually rummaging among the pebbles of the "redds," some few were shot for examination. Although the post-mortems of these were carefully conducted by competent naturalists, no trace in any single case of the presence of the ova of either trout or salmon could be found, but only larvae in every stage of water-haunting insects—roughly representing the four great families of trout-flies. If a number of dippers could be started from the head of the watershed of any given area, tracing the brooks and streams from source to mouth, they would register a perfect chart of the waterways of the whole district. For it is a characteristic that, however sinuously the stream may wind and double on itself, these windings the dipper closely follows, never skirting the land to make short flights. Even if a person be fishing or boating in the stream itself, the bird only rises higher, but allows no obstacle to bar its course.

The dipper is perhaps the most essentially a water-bird we have—even more so than the so-called "water-fowl." It seems so completely a part and parcel of the stream it inhabits that one might almost suggest its origin from the streams themselves—from the foam, or the bubbles, or the spray. More frequently than not the nest is placed immediately beneath a waterfall, and the young birds get their first peep of the world without through a spray shower of water-crystals. Their green mossy home conforms marvellously to the dripping rock against which it is placed—so much so that only a trained eye can detect it. The dipper is an early breeder, in some years commencing its nest in January, and having its five foam-white eggs by the end of the following month. There has been an ouzel's nest by the "White Water" rocks time out of mind. Every spring, when the first willow-wren's call comes up from the woods, we make a pilgrimage to visit it. So soon as we are near enough to hear the rush of the water over the falls, so soon do we catch the wondrously joyous strains of the brook-birds. It seems that the more white water is falling the louder they sing; and often, when from the bird's bill we have seen that it was singing, the song has been completely drowned by the rush of the water. And the nest! It has been against that dripping lichen rock since first we could reach up to it. It is one of the marvels of bird architecture—so fresh, so crisp, so cunningly woven, and yet so much in keeping with the spirit of the bird. It is quite a foot in diameter round, and bossy in outline, with a neat hole in the side, and wholly composed of the freshest green moss. Standing by, one is soon drenched through and through by the falling spray, which makes a miniature rainbow against the sun. It is here that the young dippers first begin life—and a fairy spot it is! They soon learn to love the white foam and the torrent, and a few days after they leave the nest may be seen wading among the shallows, or occasionally disappearing into the deeps. From these they emerge, the golden water trickling from their backs, but seldom without some soft-bodied thing from among the pebbles.

The young of both dippers and kingfishers are driven from the paternal haunts as soon as they are able to fare for themselves. Never more than a pair are found along a river reach, and soon they get to have well-defined beats, which they seldom fly beyond except under stress of circumstance. Pairing probably begins in autumn, as it is then, when all other birds are silent, that the peculiarly sweet wren-like song is heard—invariably in the vicinity of running water. The birds will not long stay where the water is slow or "logged"; they must have the white foam, the torrent, the pebbly reaches, and the shallows. In fact, they could not obtain their food under conditions other than these. The mountain burns about with various aquatic insects and their larvae, and in limestone districts in innumerable freshwater molluscs. As we have shown, not only is the ouzel innocent of destroying the eggs and fry of trout and salmon, but it is indirectly a friend to a fishery. It is well known that among the chief enemies of spawn are the larvae known as caddis-worms, that of the dragon-fly, May-fly, and stone-fly, and also of various water-beetles. Now, all these have been found in the stomach of the dipper, and therefore it must confer a decided benefit on the trout streams and salmon rivers which it haunts. J. W.

## PROSPECTS OF SIBERIA.

The opinion of Siberia formerly prevailing was that it was a land of desolation, always covered with snow, and that the Russian exiles' huts were the abode of cheerless and hopeless misery; but recent travellers have done a little to remove this dreary impression. We publish some Illustrations from photographs taken and procured by Mr. H. N. Sullivan, giving a truer idea of that part of the world.

The first is of Tomsk, giving a general view of the town, with some public buildings in the foreground, and the river Ob to the left. The population by the last return was 30,000, but since then it has much increased, as well as that of most Siberian towns. The main street is nearly a mile long, occupied for the most part by fine buildings, which would well compare with those of most Western towns. There are two hotels, a post-office, assembly rooms, and a theatre, equal to those of many large provincial towns in England.

There is a University, recently opened, with a splendid library, containing over 60,000 volumes and 40,000 pamphlets, comprising Russian, English, French, German, and ancient literature; a museum and medical school, with appliances of the most modern types. This building is lighted with gas made in the grounds. Tomsk also possesses a fine free library, dispensary, and hospitals.

The Yeniseisk district is, perhaps, of more interest to us, on account of the scheme for sea traffic between England and the Yenisei. The town of Yeniseisk contains over ten thousand inhabitants. It is the home of most of the miners from the Yeniseisk goldfields during the winter. There are three fine churches, given by merchants since the destruction of the town by fire eighteen years ago. The High School, of which we present a View, was founded by a merchant and mine-owner, Mr. Kitmanoff. It has several European professors. There is a fine laboratory of physical science, well supplied with apparatus; a drawing-class room provided with plaster casts and geometrical models. The walls of the corridors and rooms are hung with interesting maps, drawings, and illustrations of an educational nature. The seats are of the model school design. The arrangements of the building are admirable, and certainly this alone would be enough to upset all the previously conceived ideas of Siberia.

The town of Yeniseisk is 1500 miles from the river's mouth, and it was to this place that Captain Wiggins and Mr. Sullivan took the sea-steamer Phoenix in 1887. The river here is about a mile wide. The navigation and trade on this mighty river, which is the third largest in the world, are carried on by seven paddle-steamer, besides barges towed by convicts or horses against the stream, and boats towed by dogs. The current is about four knots in full stream; but in the main pass, in the deep water channel, it runs about seven knots an hour. The View at the foot of the page shows the bank of the river at Yeniseisk, with the post-office and some private houses and warehouses fronting the river. The steamer in the foreground is a fine iron boat built by Mr. Siberiakoff, the plates and boilers came from the Urals, the engines and the 20-horse power steam-winch, for chain-hauling up the Angara, from Sweden, overland.

Mr. Siberiakoff has also just finished a chain-hauling steamer on the German plan. He has the monopoly of the Angara, at present unnavigable for part of its extent. He has undertaken to spend large sums of money on blasting the rocks in the rapids in its upper part. The cable-chains laid down in the currents of over ten knots were brought from Newcastle-on-Tyne, overland from St. Petersburg. The cost of such undertakings must be very heavy, but it shows the great benefit the development of the sea route would be. If Mr. Siberiakoff succeeds in making the Angara rapids passable by steamers, he will bring Irkutsk in communication with Yeniseisk, and therefore with England, by water. He will also increase the internal water communication between Moscow and the Chinese Sea. If the Government canal and waterway between Tomsk and Yeniseisk prove a success, there will be, by the Volga, Ob, Irtysh, Angara, and Amoor Rivers, a waterway extending the whole distance except for about five hundred miles over the Urals and five hundred from Irkutsk, to the navigable part of the Amoor. A study of the map of Asia will exhibit the magnitude of this fact. At present, with the existing water communication, the cost of internal transit is very heavy.

The second steamer is one of two built by Mr. Alexander Gadloff, at Krasnoyarsk, 250 ft. long. The plates of these steamers were rolled at the iron works near Minusinsk; the engines of one steamer were made at Mr. Gadloff's shipyard. The cabins are beautifully fitted and panelled with oak, but the only source of supply of this wood is the old petroleum casks.

The alluvial goldmines of the Yeniseisk district have been worked since 1839. The system of digging the soil by terraces is shown in our Illustration. The importance of these goldfields will be seen on consulting Loche on "Gold," in which he devotes one hundred pages to the Siberian gold district. Siberia produces one tenth of the gold of the world. The quartz-working has only recently been commenced, and it promises very great results. Better skill and appliances than are at present available are needed.

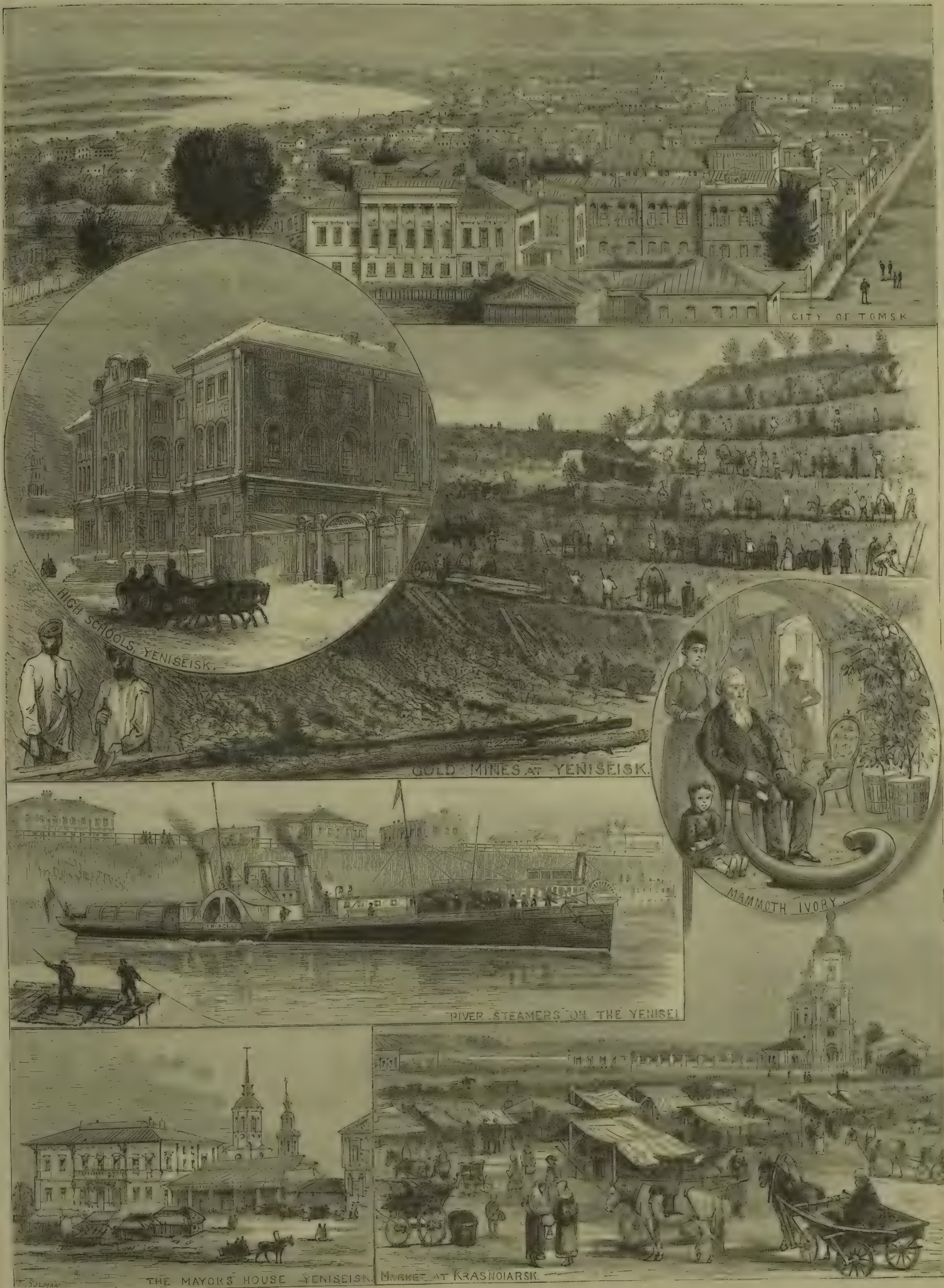
Now that the African ivory is becoming so much scarcer, the value of the mammoth fossil ivory in Siberia will doubtless increase. We give a view of one large tusk in the interior of the house of Mr. Kitmanoff, brother of the gentleman above named. It illustrates the fondness of the Siberians for growing plants in their rooms. The size of the rooms and the equable temperature night and day make such indoor cultivation easy.

Mr. H. N. Sullivan, a merchant of Newcastle-on-Tyne (son of the late Admiral Sir B. J. Sullivan, a distinguished surveying officer of the Royal Navy), has persistently worked at this scheme for six years, in the face of great difficulties, much apathy on the part of English people, and some apparent failures. If the project be ultimately successful, it will be owing, next to the original idea of Captain Wiggins, to Mr. Sullivan's steady English resolve and unshaken faith in this undertaking, which is of high interest to the progress of civilisation.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Northern Technical and Recreative Institute the honorary secretary announced the receipt of a cheque for £1000 from Sir James Tyler, of Pine House, Holloway.

Four silver medals have been awarded by the Royal Humane Society for saving life from drowning. Three of these, the highest honours of the society, are given to Dr. Alexander Fraser, aged thirty-nine; Mr. Lionel Fraser, eighteen, engineer; and William Russell, thirty-nine, engine-driver, for rescuing two girls of thirteen from the Carron Dam, near Falkirk, on Feb. 12. The fourth silver medal was given to James Mackin, a boatman of the Coastguard, for his perilous descent of a rocket-line from the top of a cliff at Scratchett Bay, Isle of Wight, to the foretop of the sailing-ship Irex, stranded there in a gale on Jan. 27, to rescue a boy who had been in the top all night. Several bronze medals have also been presented.





SKETCHES IN SIBERIA, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. H. N. SULLIVAN.



## LORILLARD BRICK WORKS (LIMITED).

BRICK-MAKING BY MACHINERY—ECONOMISING TIME, LABOUR, AND MATERIAL—REVOLUTIONISING THE OLD-TIME METHODS OF MANUFACTURE—SIXTEEN ACRES OF BUILDINGS.

This immense factory, owned by Mr. Jacob Lorillard, who is one of the old and rich family of that name, is situate at Key Port, New Jersey, within eighteen miles of New York, U.S.A. Millions of bricks are being turned out for the market with a minimum of handling, every one of which is prepared for the kiln by machinery. Indeed, from the very moment the clay is taken out of the earth to the place of shipment, the process of manufacture is practically done by machinery. The bricks are not handled more than once by the same set of men, each having his particular work to do.

## THE FIRST STAGE.

The clay is dug by a species of digging-machine, called a "steam shovel," which is worked in derrick fashion, and can at each stroke dig out sufficient clay to make 500 bricks.

## IN THE FACTORY BUILDINGS.

This clay is conveyed to the clay-house and emptied on to the floor, adjoining a sluice. A number of men are engaged continually shovelling both ingredients, in the proper proportions, into this sluice. Along this sluice, in an upward direction, the sand and clay are borne on belts till they come to what is known as a "pug-mill." This pugmill mixes and tempers the sand and clay together, which is then dropped into corrugated rollers, thus taking out from the sand all pebbles. It is then dropped into the smooth rollers, and then taken, by a rubber belt, to the brick machines by an automatic process.

## THE BRICK MACHINES.

Out of these it is pushed onward—still by machinery—in horizontal sections. The latter come out cleanly and symmetrically on to tables, where they are cut to any size necessary. Each brick machine turns out 144 raw bricks per minute, and can make 300,000 a day.

## IN THE DRYING TUNNELS.

These bricks are placed on cars, and are at once rolled into the drying tunnels. These tunnels, of which there are 188, cover an area of three acres, and are fifteen miles in length. In them the bricks are submitted to a temperature of 200 deg. Fahrenheit, till they are thoroughly dried. This takes from ten to twenty-four hours. The air is heated with some 700,000 square feet of radiating surface, and the hot air is drawn through these tunnels at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, as the aërometer registers. This is done by blowing-

furnaces in the kilns. It takes five days for the bricks to cool after they have been thoroughly burnt. The Lorillard kilns, by the way, are said to be the largest in the world.

## SHIPPING THE BRICK.

The bricks are placed on wheelbarrows and put on to cars. Each barrow holds 100 bricks, and there are twelve barrows, or 1200 bricks, on each car. There are generally six cars to a train.

buildings, and this enables night work to be done, and makes the place comfortable in winter. As other yards are closed for about half the year and do not work at night, it gives the Lorillard factory an advantage as of four to one on an ordinary factory of the same producing capacity, as it can produce every day in the year if desired.

The largest brick factory in this State has turned out about 40,000,000 bricks in a year. The Lorillard factory turns out 100,000,000 without any effort, while it is possible for them to supply bricks in almost unlimited quantities, consequently the profits are immense, amounting to £1 a thousand, or £100,000 a year.

There are no less than eight and a half miles of steel tracks in and about the factory. There are engines for hoisting, grinding, blowing, and motive power, thirteen in all. There are also dynamos for supplying electric light to the whole works. An important arrangement is the duplication of every piece of machinery, so that, should an accident occur to render any one of them inoperative, the men can within a few moments start the reserve machine.

Some two hundred men are employed altogether, exclusive of those who handle the brick after shipment. With sixty-two more men Mr. Lorillard can double his producing capacity. The men eat, drink, and sleep in large houses adjoining the factory set apart for them. The dining-room contains room for about three hundred men. They have also their sitting-room.

## THE CHARACTER OF THE BRICK.

The brick is manufactured in a slightly larger size than the ordinary brick. It requires only 870 of them to do the work of a thousand of the usual-sized bricks. This is a saving of 130,000 bricks on a million, no inconsiderable item. Besides, it saves labour and mortar. The average cost of building with this brick is said by Mr. Lorillard to be \$2 less per thousand at present prices than the ordinary brick.

The test of strength has shown his brick to be 35 per cent stronger than the average brick, says Mr. Lorillard.

The builder, if he chooses to have his men stack them separately at the buildings, will generally find 25 per cent of the brick fit for fronts. They could not afford to separate them at a factory, even though they could obtain a higher figure for the better bricks. They could not afford it, because the selection would involve an interruption in the entire routine of the factory, and more would be lost than gained in consequence.

Heman Clark, the aqueduct contractor, tested the bricks by boiling some of them for three weeks, then freezing them, then thawing them out, then soaking them and once more



VIEW FROM WHARF, SHOWING FACTORY, KILNS, AND DRYERS, COVERING SIXTEEN ACRES.

## AN IMMENSE PIER.

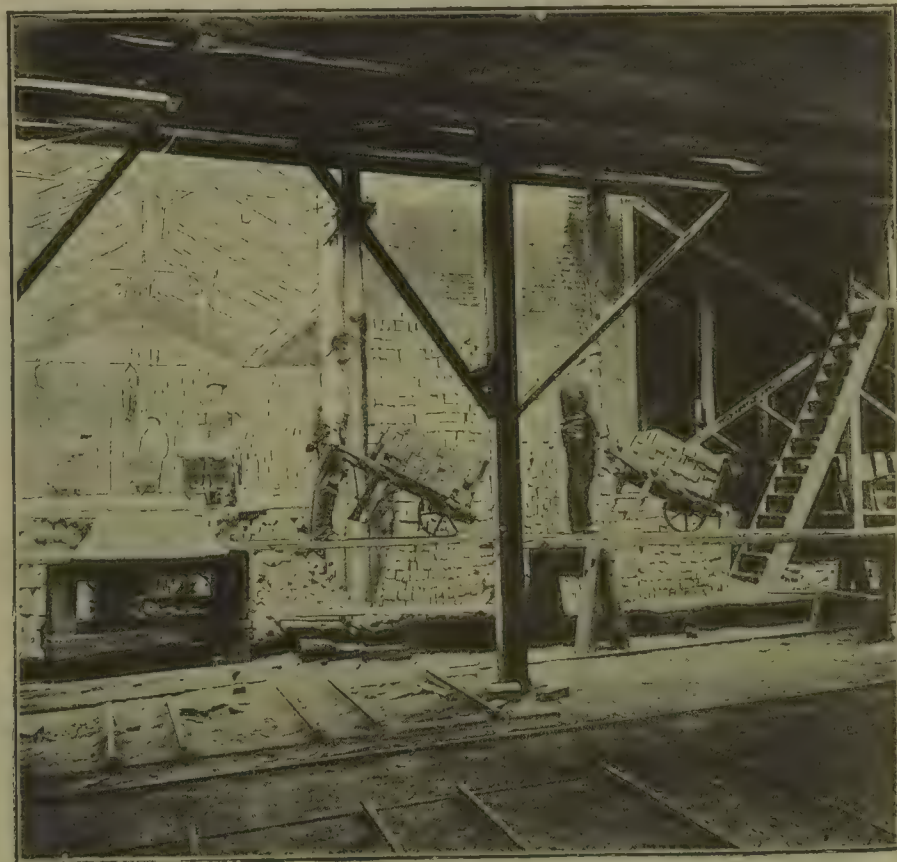
A pier, about 4000 ft. long, has been built so as to reach water deep enough to load vessels going to Southern and West Indian ports. Besides, it keeps the shore ice away from the vessels in cold weather, so that they can load in the depth of winter. Along this pier the engine starts every twelve minutes with 7200 manufactured bricks.

## ECONOMISING LABOUR.

Everything is planned by the use of machinery, so as to save labour, but no time is lost anywhere, from beginning to end. Each different process has a different set of workmen, whose specialty it is to look after their particular functions, and everything passes from one stage to another like clock-work. Mr. Lorillard is said to be the author of the system,



MOULDING BRICKS BY MACHINERY AT 8000 PER HOUR (NINE MEN AND TWO BOYS) AND LOADING ON CARS FOR DRYING.



DISCHARGING KILNS ON RAILROAD CARS FOR SHIPMENT BY BARGES TO NEW YORK. THESE KILNS HOLD 1,000,000 BRICKS EACH.

machines. The immense radiating surface is obtained by no less than between 200 to 300 miles of heating pipes.

## IN THE KILNS.

When the bricks are dried they are taken out of the tunnels and on the same cars. On these they are transferred along tracks into the kilns, where they are stacked face to face and burned, which brings them out uniform in colour. There are ten kilns in all, each of which holds 1,000,000 bricks. It takes seven days for the brick to be thoroughly burnt, and this is accomplished by slow burning of the furnaces to the proper heat and their being kept up to that heat. There are 280

which took him two years to perfect. He is a civil engineer, and, though very wealthy, found pleasure in evolving the plans which brought this remarkable factory into existence. He has spent over £250,000 of his own money to bring it into perfect running order, and now makes 9,000,000 bricks a month.

## SOME POINTS.

The fact that the bricks are dried by machinery enables them to be manufactured all the year round. Not only that, they can also be manufactured night and day; so that there need be no cessation from work, should an amplitude of orders demand it. Electric lights and steam heat run through the entire

freezing them. This severe and somewhat unusual test made no impression on the brick.

Ex-Comptroller E. V. Loew, under date of March 28, 1889, writes to Mr. Lorillard that when he was in office, in 1884, he had occasion to test the quality of the brick furnished the city for use in the construction of the new Croton Aqueduct. The brick tested were North River, Haverstraws, Lorillard's, and two others. The tests were made by such eminent engineers as General John Newton, Colonel Church, E. D. McLean, and the late General Gilmore, and their unanimous conclusion was to the effect that in every particular the Lorillard-brick was superior to all the others.



# LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.



The maid who here appears to sight  
Is a devoted Liebigite.  
For she relies, this little maid,  
On Liebig's culinary aid.  
She knows that Company's Extract makes  
The best of sauce for chops and steaks,  
And in its use for gravy stock  
Her faith is founded like a rock.  
And, with a calm contented heart,  
She practises the Liebig art.

Her little lecture would you hear?  
'Tis this: "This extract is, my dear,  
The extract pure of beef prepared

So that its flavour's not impaired  
By fat, or grease, or gelatine—  
An extract wholesome, rich, and clean.  
Its genuineness you may assure  
By J. von Liebig's signature,  
On every single jar in blue—  
So let no fraud be palmed on *you*.

"The Liebig COMPANY alone  
Can make this extract, be it known.  
And if your kitchen drudgery  
You'd greatly lighten, come to me—  
And when you've found your toil made light,  
You'll be, like me, a Liebigite."

NEW YORK PUCK.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

This season may be celebrated in the history of fashion as one in which the customary spring-time battle between the gowns and the mantles reached an acute stage. For a good many seasons past, the bodices of dresses have been made comparatively plainly, and untrimmied coat-sleeves have been almost universally worn. Nevertheless, a good many women have preferred to go walking and visiting, when the weather was warm enough to allow of it, without any mantle or cape. But now that dress bodices, and especially the sleeves, are being trimmed and ornamented so profusely, it is the more difficult to decide to cover up and hide all the splendour of design and fit! But then, in compensation, the mantles are being made so elaborately and so elegantly that it will be hard for a woman who cares about her *tout ensemble* to discard such an elegant finish as one of those jaunty little adornments affords.

As far as possible, the mantles are being made to suit the full sleeves which are so generally put into the new gowns. I have just seen the large variety of beautiful new model gowns at Peter Robinson's, and almost all of them have the sleeves made full. One of the very newest models, indeed, has the sleeve-top set actually into the collar-band! This dress is a combination of silk and cloth, a mixture which is being much made up, and almost promises to oust the long-popular velvet-and-cloth combination. In this instance the materials are a delicate grey faille française, and a pale-brown cashmere heavily and deeply embroidered along the edges with silks in tan shades, and gold and silver intermixed. The grey faille appears as an underskirt, showing in a quite plain half-apron, and in the centre folds of the full back. The exquisite embroidery runs up the edge of the cashmere, which falls over the silk front, and likewise forms a zouave-shaped trimming on the bodice, and a strip to conceal the fastening from right shoulder to left hip. The sleeve is the greatest novelty. It is of silk, cut extremely full and set in to the armhole, with a few pleats up to the point of the shoulder; but there the bodice is so much cut away that the shoulder seam is almost abolished, and the long full top of the sleeve, laid in a broad box-pleat, is taken up and fixed in with the collar.

As another model of wool and silk combined may be described a very pale-grey homespun, checked almost invisibly with narrow darker grey and brown stripes, which was used in combination with armure silk of that pinkish-toned yet dark red known as petunia. The bulk of the skirt was plain straight draperies of the grey homespun, but the red armure showed at one side, the junction of the two materials being softened by an edging of deep white point de Venise—the new and extremely effective imitation coarse guipure lace. The bodice was chiefly made of the armure, but had a deep, pointed, almost cape-like collar of the homespun, with a standing-up collar of point de Venise above; and the sleeves of the red armure were extremely large and high on the shoulder, with cuffs of lace.

Other new sleeves are not made so very full, but are braided all over; a flesh-pink and white check woollen, for instance, had a panel of white cashmere closely covered all over with a design in pink cord, and had white sleeves braided to match put in the check bodice. Another way of making sleeves is to have them wrinkled from the shoulder to below the elbow—the top of the sleeve, that is to say, put in at the seams in very slight folds, so as to give, not a *pleated* look, but merely what I have

called it, *wrinkled*. Others have slashings, with a second material let in from the shoulder to the elbow. A perfectly plain coat-sleeve, indeed, is now almost a rarity. The rest of the bodices are more or less decorated, too, in almost every case. One great object of the dressmaker being apparently to conceal how the garment is fastened, some have the buttons going up under the arm, and hook as invisibly as possible to the sleeve and on the shoulder-seam, so that at first sight the wearer appears to have grown in the gown. Others are fastened in under the folds, which wander so extensively over the front of the bodice as quite to conceal the junction of hooks and eyes.

With all this elaboration of the bodice, and with the corresponding plain and straight design of the skirts, it seems a poor prospect for the mantles which want to cover over the artistic effect of the gown! Yet in the mantle show-rooms there are so many pretty novelties that it is evident that they are expected to be worn. Most of them are either sleeveless or have bell-sleeves. Lace and jet play a leading part in their construction, jet being apparently as popular as ever. The form of most of Peter Robinson's newest mantles is that of a tight-fitting under-bodice with sleeves only simulated by lace falls from the shoulder. Transparent net worked heavily with silk into a passementerie rivals a jet-encrusted foundation for the under-bodice; while, of course, for elderly ladies plain peau-de-soie, or armure embroidered with silk, are made up. Capes of accordeon pleating are being fashioned for young girls. They are made with yokes pointed back and front, and sometimes braided, with the accordeon pleating set in so as to sit high over the shoulder to accommodate the big sleeve of the gown.

It is a curious situation which now exists about the lady members of the London County Council. Two of them, it will be remembered, were elected by the ratepayers in preference to male candidates for the honour, and a third was added by the Council itself, which has the power of choosing its own "Aldermen." Mr. Beresford-Hope, the male candidate rejected by the electors of Brixton, who preferred Lady Sandhurst to him, did not manfully accept his defeat at the polls, but attacked Lady Sandhurst's election in the law-courts, maintaining that the Act of Parliament had not authorised women to sit on County Councils, and, this view being adopted by the Court, the claimant was declared entitled to the seat in defiance of the electors' choice. The men defeated at the poll by the other two ladies, however, loyally accepted the electors' decision, and did not claim by a fluke the seats that they had not secured by vote. Accordingly, the seats of Miss Councillor Cobden and Miss Alderman Cons remained unchallenged.

But the law expressly provides that, if a seat is not challenged for twelve months, the holder cannot afterwards be ousted. It provides, however, that if a person not duly elected votes on a County Council, he shall pay a fine. Thus the curious situation is brought about that, the seats of Miss Cobden and Miss Cons not having been challenged within the year, they cannot now be turned out of them; but if they vote they may be fined, and if they do not vote they may equally be liable for penalties for not fulfilling their duty. In these circumstances, the ladies have resolved that if they are to be haled before Judges as if they were criminals and fined, it had better be for doing, rather than for neglecting, the duty to which the public vote has appointed them. So they have taken their seats again, and the Council has, by a great majority, declared in favour of utilising their services by appointing them to certain committees.

Hereupon enters on the scene one Sir W. De Souza. He

is suing Miss Cobden and Miss Cons for penalties for accepting the mandate of the electors of London to supervise baby farms, public laundries, the sanitary and other arrangements of places where large numbers of girls are employed, industrial schools which gather together hundreds of children, the common lodging-houses where poor women live, and all the rest of the matters affecting their own sex and children which charitable ladies like these are properly employed in superintending. The mania for notoriety is indeed often seen to be a snare in these days. Sir W. De Souza is probably afflicted by no base desire to gain a few pounds in acting as common informer; but, as he is in no way injured by the work done by Miss Cobden and Miss Cons, what can be his motive? Well, he sees his name in every newspaper. He is a Jew. It is so short a time ago since the whole Hebrew race was legally held incapable of filling any public office that there is surely something very pitiful in the spectacle of a Jew taking on himself the task of enforcing legal penalties, for doing public work, on these English ladies for whose services their fellow-citizens have asked.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. W. Cadge, surgeon, has been presented with a silver casket containing the freedom of the city of Norwich, in recognition of his services to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and in gratitude for his gift of £10,000 to that institution.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Mr. George L. Howland, master of the barque Canton, of New Bedford, U.S.A., in recognition of his kindness and humanity to a portion of the shipwrecked crew of the barque British Monarch, of Liverpool, whom he picked up at sea on Dec. 1, 1889, and conveyed to Capetown.

It has been resolved to close the Gilbey Testimonial Fund—which is being raised in recognition of the energetic and successful efforts of Mr. Walter Gilbey in the promotion of horse-breeding in this country. Over £930 has been received from 1200 subscribers. The hon. secretary is Mr. A. B. Charlton, 11, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square.

Lord Cadogan has offered to the Guinness trustees, with the view of rendering them assistance in carrying out the objects of their trust, a gift of a plot of freehold land, upwards of an acre in extent, in a central part of his estate in Chelsea, as a site for the erection of dwellings for the poorer classes in that district. At their meeting on March 21 the trustees, declaring the plot specially suited for the purpose, gratefully accepted Lord Cadogan's offer. The site forms part of the garden of Blacklands House, Marlborough-road, and has never been built upon. In order to render it immediately available Lord Cadogan has purchased from the lessee the unexpired term of his lease, which has still fourteen years to run.

The Highland Society of London gave their 112th anniversary banquet at the Holborn Restaurant on March 21—the President, Lord Abinger, being in the chair. The society was originally formed for the purpose of preserving the language, dress, music, and antiquities of the Ancient Caledonians. At the present time the society not only makes the best efforts to further such immediate objects, but it also gives help and advice to young Scotchmen who are strangers in London. The sum expended for bursaries for deserving Scotch students last year amounted to over £279; while for other national objects more than £85 had been expended. During the evening marches, reels, and strathspeys were performed by Ross, the Queen's piper, and the boy pipers of the Caledonian Asylum.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 21), with a codicil (dated July 29, 1885), of Gabriela del Alcazar y Vera de Aragon, Duchess de Sotomayor, late of Madrid, who died on June 2 last, was proved in London on March 7 by Luis Pidal y Mon, Marquis de Pidal, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to upwards of £194,000. The testatrix makes bequests for masses and charitable purposes, and gives an annuity to an old nurse. There are specific bequests of jewellery, &c., to her children, and a special legacy of 500,000 reales to her daughter Pilar. After making various declarations and provisions the testatrix appoints as the universal heirs of the residue of her property her five children, Don Carlos, Don Manuel, Doña del Pilar, Doña de la Piedad, and Doña de las Virtudes.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 2, 1889), of the Hon. Sir Henry Manisty, late of Gray's Inn, and of 24A, Bryanston-square, who died on Jan. 31 last, was proved on March 19 by Henry Manisty, Edward Manisty, and Herbert Francis Manisty, the sons, and Mary Anne, Lady Manisty, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £122,000. The testator gives the lease of his residence in Bryanston-square, all his household furniture, plate, linen, china, pictures, wine, and carriage, and £2000, to his wife; £1000 to his son Henry; £500 to his son Edward; £3500 and his law library to his son Herbert Francis; £2000 to his son Robert; £500 each to his daughters Elizabeth Macrory and Mary Ann Leggett; £2500 to his daughter Isabel; £1000 each to his grandchildren Constantia and Dorothy Dickson; £250 to his sister-in-law Grace Dickson; £1000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law Robina Robertson, and her children; £1000 to his brother Francis; an annuity of £50 to his brother Charles; £2500 to his principal clerk, William Bundock; an annuity of £100 to his junior clerk, Charles Barnes; and legacies to his domestic servants and coachman. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; and at her death to pay £1000 to his son Henry; £1000 each to his said two grandchildren; and £250 each to the Barristers' Benevolent Association, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), and the London Fever Hospital (Liverpool-road, Islington). As to the ultimate residue, he leaves one seventh, upon trust, for his son Robert; one seventh, upon trust, for each of his daughters Elizabeth Macrory, Mary Ann Leggett, and Isabel; and one seventh to each of his sons Henry, Edward, and Herbert Francis.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1888) of Arthur Leslie Charrington, late of Green End, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, who died on

Dec. 4 last, was proved on March 8 by Mrs. Eliza Charlotte Charrington, the widow, and Robert Mackley Copley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £75,000. The testator bequeaths a legacy to his sister, and legacies and annuities to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated June 14, 1889) of Miss Emma Coleman, late of 7, Ventnor Villas, West Brighton, who died on Jan. 31 last, was proved on March 7 by Edward Fisher, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testatrix gives £100 each to the Sussex County Hospital, the Preston and Hove Dispensary, the Town Missions (Brighton), the London City Mission, the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society (London Docks), the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen (Queen Victoria-street), and to Dr. Maclean, of Widcomb-crescent, Bath, for Missions; her copyhold residence, 7, Ventnor Villas, with the furniture and effects, to Georgina Dewhurst; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the said Edward Fisher.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1883) of Mr. George Hardy, late of Ashbourne, London-road, Croydon, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on March 12 by Mrs. Hannah Hardy, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator gives £10,000 each to his two sons, George Frederic and John Henry; and the residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1889), with a codicil (dated Dec. 31 following), of Mr. Spencer Perceval, late of 21, Lowndes-street, who died on Jan. 2 last, was proved on Feb. 26 by Horatio George Walpole, C.B., and Thomas Vaughan Roberts, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator gives his house in Lowndes-street, with the appurtenances, china, bookcases, books, the bust of his grandfather, paintings, and prints to his sisters Anna Jane Perceval and Helen Margaret Perceval, for their joint lives, and then to the survivor absolutely; the reversionary interest in the plate and plated articles he is entitled to under the will of his mother to the survivor of his said sisters; £10,000 each to his brother, Norman Spencer Perceval, and his sister Mrs. Jane Marsh; £5000 to his sister Mrs. Maria Anne Stevens; and £1000 each to his nieces, Anna Elizabeth Matheson and Helen Nora Grace Matheson, to his nephew, Roderick Mackenzie Chisholm Matheson, and to his cousin and godson, Arthur Robertson. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sisters Anna Jane, Jane, Maria Anne, and Helen Margaret, and his brother, Norman Spencer.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1888) of Mr. Stafford Allen, formerly of 7, Cowper-street, St. Luke's, drug-grinder, and

late of Parkfield, Upper Clapton, who died on Oct. 14 last, was proved on March 18 by Edward Ransome Allen, Samuel Alexander Man, and Henry Tuke Mennell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the British and Foreign Training Schools (Borough-road), Ackworth Schools for children of members of the Society of Friends, Saffron Walden Schools for the same children, Miss Charlotte Sharman's Orphanage (West-square, Southwark), the North-Eastern Hospital for Children (Hackney-road), the Brunama Mission (Mount Lebanon), and the Anti-Slavery Society; an annuity of £400 to his wife, Mrs. Emma Allen; special legacies to children, in addition to the provision made for some of them in his lifetime; and legacies to relatives, manager, foreman, workmen, engineer, packers, and others. The residue of his freehold, copyhold, leasehold, and personal estate he gives to his children, Mrs. Jane Bastin, Mrs. Edith Mary Maw, John Archibald Allen, and Alfred Henry Allen.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1890) of Mr. John Barrable, late of 3, St. Mary's-square, Paddington, who died on Feb. 4, was proved on March 17 by George Lewis Ransdale and John Robbins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6726. The testator bequeaths £2500 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £1000 to the Vestry of Paddington, to be invested and the dividends and income applied for the benefit of the poor of that parish; his furniture and effects to Mrs. Emily Lyttleton Woodward and Mrs. Louisa Mary Robbins; his leasehold residence, 3, St. Mary's-square, to the said Mrs. Woodward; and £100 to each of his executors. The residue of his estate and effects he gives to his late wife's niece, Mrs. Mary Anne Tomlin.

The Bishops of Australia and Tasmania, and the Committee of the Sydney Diocesan Synod, in joint sitting, have elected Dr. Saumarez Smith as Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia.

The *Gazette* contains the formal announcement that the dignity of a Baronet has been conferred upon James Thompson Mackenzie of Glen Muick, Aberdeenshire. It will be remembered that this Baronetcy was one of the honours announced on New-Year's Day.

The Old Queen's Bench Prison has disappeared, with all its gloomy associations; and on a portion of the site has arisen a palatial building, to which Messrs. Day and Martin, the well-known blacking manufacturers, late of 97, High Holborn, have removed. Viewed either from the Borough-road or from the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, it is a most prominent object.

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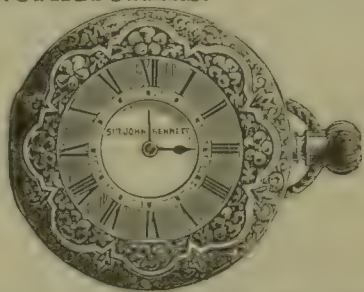


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## THE COURT.

The Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor by special train at four o'clock on March 24 for Aix-les-Bains, travelling by way of Portsmouth and Cherbourg. Portsmouth was reached, after a rapid run, at ten minutes to six, and the train, on passing through the town, slackened speed, so as to enable her Majesty to see the new Townhall, which has been erected on a site near the railway, at a cost of £120,000. The Duke of Wellington flag-ship and the other men-of-war displayed masthead flags, and as soon as the Royal train drew up on the jetty the Royal yacht dipped the standard at the main and the bowsprit, and the Admiral's band, which was stationed on the poop of the flag-ship, played the National Anthem. A few minutes later the Victoria and Albert was moored in the stream, ten-oared guard-boats from the Excellent gunnery-ship being on guard round her. As night drew near the strong south-west wind subsided, and the weather generally showed improvement. The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Portsmouth on the morning of the 25th, and arrived at Cherbourg in the afternoon. The Royal party immediately proceeded on their journey, travelling to Aix-les-Bains by way of Paris. For her travelling incognito her Majesty assumes, as on previous occasions, the name of the Countess of Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George of

Wales, left London for Germany on March 19. Their Royal Highnesses travelled by special train to Dover, leaving Charing-cross at ten minutes past ten in the evening. Their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Marquis of Londonderry and Colonel Paget, were received at Charing-cross by Sir Myles Fenton, the General Manager of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, was also present. The Prince of Wales and Prince George arrived at Brussels on the morning of the 20th, and were received at the railway station by King Leopold. The Royal party then drove to the palace, where the Count of Flanders and Prince Baldwin subsequently paid their respects to the distinguished visitors. A banquet was given at one o'clock, and at four o'clock a garden party was held in the Royal conservatories at Laeken. Their Royal Highnesses left Brussels at six o'clock in the evening, arriving next morning at Berlin, where they had a magnificent reception.

Princess Victoria of Wales was again present at St. Anne's, Soho, on March 21, when Bach's "Passion" music was sung. The Princess of Wales and her two unmarried daughters dined with Sir Charles and Lady Hallé on the 22nd, at their residence in Wilton-place. Among the other guests were Sir Frederick Leighton and Dr. Joachim. Later in the evening the party were joined by Signor Piatti, and an impromptu programme of music was performed. On Sunday, the 23rd, the Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, was present at Divine service. Next day the Princess and

Princesses Victoria and Maud paid a visit to the Annual Exhibition of Pictures by Foreign Artists, at the French Gallery; to Arthur Tooth and Sons' Galleries, to view their spring exhibition of pictures; and to Mr. McLean's Gallery, to view their exhibition of modern pictures.

Prince Albert Victor arrived at Bombay on March 22, and was warmly welcomed by the population on his way to Government House. On the 25th his Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone of the Leper Asylum in Bombay.

The Duke of Edinburgh left London on March 22 for Coburg, to be present at the confirmation of his eldest son, Prince Alfred.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne dined with the King of Italy at the Quirinal on March 19. Signor Crispi and the members of the British Embassy were invited to meet them.

The Duchess of Albany opened, on March 25, the tenth annual free exhibition of pictures held in connection with St. Jude's Schools, Commercial-street, Whitechapel.

Prince Christian arrived at Cumberland Lodge, on March 25, from Wiesbaden.

On March 24 the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived at Victoria Station at 7.30, and were received on the platform by the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess and Princess Victoria of Teck. The Grand Duke and Duchess stayed at Gloucester House, and went next day to the palace at Kew, where they remain until their town residence is ready for occupation.

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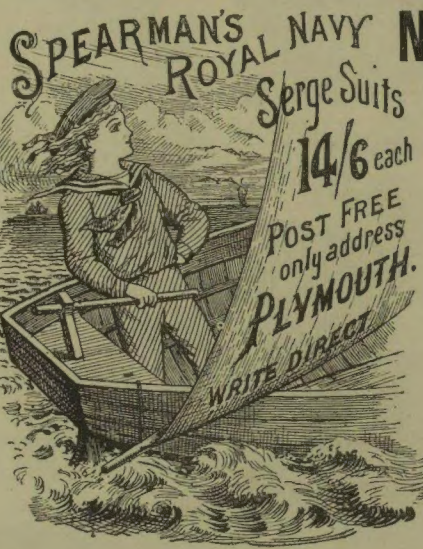
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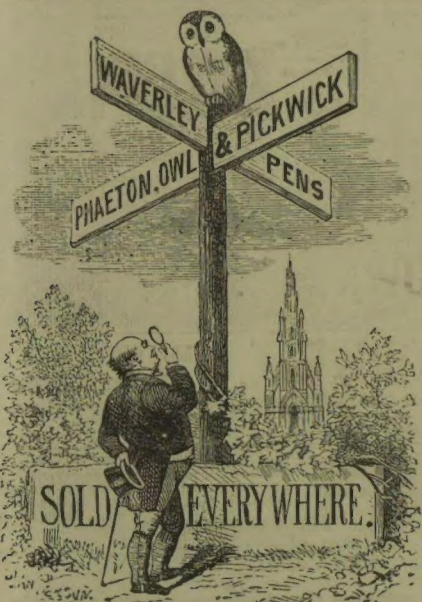
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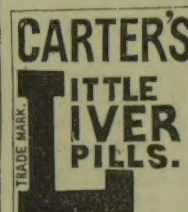
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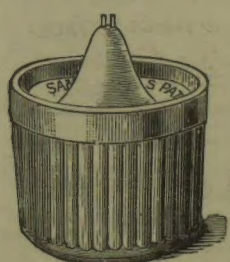
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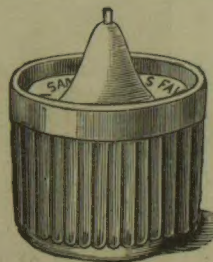
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